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"PEACE UNTO YOU."

BY S. FRANK TAYLOR.

Soft the Sabbath sun is sinking
O'er the woodlands, far away;
Evening dews the flowers are drinking,
Sweetly fades departing day;
From yon vivid turret tolling,
Faintly chimes the vesper bell,
Fainter still its tones are rolling,—
Hark! the choral voices swell—
"Peace be with you all—amen."

Deep'ning still, and darkling slowly:—
Lo! the evening star appears,
Like a watcher, pure and holy,
Gazing on our vale of tears.
Still the vesper cadence, blending
With the evening's whisper, sighs,
Whence yon worshippers are bending,
While the shadowy twilight dies.
"Peace be with you all—amen."

Sweet that tender cadence stealing,
Charmed the lonely stranger's ear,
To his inmost soul appealing,
Waking treasured memories dear;—
Memories of the loved, that perished,—
Thoughts of many a vanished day,
And of flowers his heart once cherished,
Doomed to wither and decay.
"Peace be with you all—amen."

Not as mine, oh, chauntors, kneeling,
At yon shrine, from form of faith,
Yet our hearts make one appealing,
In His name who conquered death;
Soft o'er both His night-veils gath'ring;
O'er all souls "His star" doth shine;
Children of one common Father,
Take His blessing, then, from mine:—
"Peace be with you all—amen."

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"IF you are not otherwise engaged, Claud," said Lady Bayneham, as Miss Earle quitted the room, "perhaps you would go with me round the shrubbery. I should like a short walk before the heat of the day comes on."

"I am quite at your service, mother," he replied listlessly, longing to be alone with Hilda, and read for his own satisfaction, the truth in her beautiful eyes.

Lady Bayneham wished some time to elapse before her son saw his wife, resolving to give a change to his thoughts and ideas. Of all the fatal deeds that morning she committed the most fatal.

"Let us go down the Lady's Walk," she said, taking her son's arm. "I like the quiet shade."

They turned down the broad, shady path called the Lady's Walk; tall branching trees met there overhead, forming a depth of cool shade. The morning air was soft and clear, the birds sung sweetly, the flowers bloomed, and all nature was smiling and gay. As they drew near the end of the walk Lord Bayneham saw something glittering in the long, thick grass.

"What have we here?" he said, stooping for the shining prize. He nearly dropped it again, in uncontrollable astonishment. It was his wife's bracelet, the one he had seen upon her arm the night before, and had spoken to his mother about; it was the very same; there were the costly pearls and the pale, pure gold, with his initials and those of his wife entwined.

"Hilda's bracelet!" cried Lady Bayneham, in sheer wonder; "why, how did that come here? How careless to drop a valuable piece of jewelry like that! Is it injured?" she continued, for her son did not speak. "How strange that it should be here!" she said, taking it from his hand. Claud,—Hilda wore this last evening; I saw it on her arm when you bade her good-night. How came it here?"

No reply came from the young earl; but a strange dark look gathered over his handsome face, marring its beauty with intense passion.

"She must have been out this morning," said Lady Bayneham; "yet Pauline said she had not quitted her room. Can there have been a robbery, Claud?"

"We must inquire," said Lord Bayneham sternly. "This bracelet was on my wife's arm when I bade her good night; this morning I find it here; who has dropped it?"

For a moment the mother and son looked steadily at each other; then Lord Bayneham turned to re-enter the house.

In the hall they met Lady Hilda's maid—pretty, smiling Pauline, who dropped her most coquettish curtsey before the young earl.

"Is Lady Hilda down yet?" asked the countess.

"My lady has been indisposed all the morning," replied the maid; "she has not left her room."

"Has she not been in the park?" asked Lady Bayneham, quickly.

"My lady is ill," said Pauline again, with a look of astonishment, "and has not yet left her room."

"Hush, mother," said the earl, when the maid passed on; "ask no questions from servants. Hilda will explain it, and we shall find no mystery after all. If she is dressed we will go to her room."

"Perhaps you had better go alone," said Lady Bayneham; "if there has been no robbery it is all right. Since Lady Roshe's jewel robbery I have always been very nervous."

"I prefer you to accompany me, mother, if you will," said Lord Bayneham; "in your eyes I read a half doubt of my wife. Come with me, that I may show you how groundless it is."

They went together up the broad staircase and through the corridor to the door of Lady Hilda's room. A sweet, low voice, that expressed both pain and fatigue, bade them enter.

Lady Hilda had risen, and was sitting in her little boudoir, the untasted breakfast by her side.

Lord Bayneham forgot even his errand when he saw her pale face and dim eyes.

"Have you been ill, Hilda?" he asked, anxiously. "Why did you not send for me?"

"I did not sleep," she replied, looking with some surprise at her visitors, "and my head aches. Do you want me for anything?" she asked, "or is this a morning call?"

She tried to smile, but Lord Bayneham saw her pale lips tremble; then he remembered his errand.

"We have been puzzled," he replied, with a smile. "I have been for a walk with my mother this morning,—quite a good boy, you see. Last night, when I left you, you wore this bracelet; it was fastened on your arm, and this morning I found it in the Lady's Walk, and you have not quitted your room. How come it there, Hilda?"

He held it out as he spoke, and a long low cry came from her pale lips

"Look!" cried Lady Bayneham, and the earl, springing forward, caught Lady Hilda as she was falling, pale and senseless, to the ground.

"There is your answer," said the dignified countess, as she rang the bell. "Take care, Claud. It seems to me that there is a dark shadow hanging over our house. Why should she faint? There was nothing so alarming in your words."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEN Lady Hilda opened her eyes and saw her husband bending over her a cry of fear and terror escaped her lips. The face she had never seen stern and angry before, were both now; there was no smile on his lips, such as was wont to greet her. Anxiety and sorrow, mingled with impatience, darkened his brow. Her illness alarmed him; he could not understand it.

"Did I frighten you, Hilda?" he whispered, gently. "How your hands tremble! Surely you are not afraid of me. I have never been angry with you, love; only—I do not understand."

Lady Hilda tried to answer him, but her over-wrought nerves gave way, and she wept passionately, bitterly, as one who had no hope.

Lord Bayneham soothed her with gentle words, such as one uses to a grieved child.

Lady Bayneham quitted the room, tears and caresses were not in her line.

"You shall not be teased any more, just now," said Lord Bayneham. "You have not strength to tell me anything. Lie down again, and try to sleep; it grieves me sorely to see that face."

Her passionate weeping was abated; she lay passive and still, listening to his voice with a sick feeling of despair.

Lord Bayneham gave Pauline strict injunctions that her lady was not to be disturbed; he then left her, hoping she would sleep.

His mother anxiously awaited him, and asked, hastily:

"What is it, Claud?—why was Hilda so frightened?"

"She is very ill," the earl replied, sadly, "and nervous, not frightened, mother. What can she have to fear? I was too abrupt, I think."

"Did she tell you how the bracelet came to be lying in the Lady's Walk?" asked the countess.

"No," replied her son; "she seemed so ill and unlike herself that I did not mention it. I am sure it is all right, mother," he continued, seeing the expression of her face; "we shall find it no mystery after all. My wife can make all clear in a few words."

Despite his assertion, the morning wore on heavily for Lord Bayneham. Two things weighed upon his mind,—the notes he had heard his wife had received, and the fact of finding her bracelet in the Lady's Walk. It might be all nonsense—the notes nothing more than a memorandum—but the bracelet—— There he paused; there was but two solutions to the mystery; either she, his sweet and gentle young wife, had been there for what motive he could not imagine,—or some one had carried it from her room. Either alternative he felt to be unpleasant. Still he was far from being of a suspicious nature, and would have rested perfectly satisfied with one word of excuse but for the deadly fear which blanched his wife's face when she saw the bracelet in his hand. There was no explanation for that; to feel fear she must be conscious of wrong; yet what wrong could he imagine her capable of—that gentle guileless girl, whose mind and soul were as an unstained lily?

He tried to make himself feel sure that Hilda would clear away all the unpleasant mystery by a few simple words. Twice he went to the floor of her room, and heard with half-impatient satisfaction that she still slept; and it was long after mid day when Pauline told him her lady was awake, but seemed very ill. He looked with unutterable astonishment upon the change in the fair young face, wrought in those few hours. Could it be mere illness or fatigue that had blanched even the lips, and darkened the violet eyes with so deep a shadow? Was it illness that caused her to clasp her hands, when she saw him, as one does who prays in mortal agony?

"Hilda," he said, "you look as though you suffered terribly. What is it? No trouble can have come to you without my knowing it. What makes you so ill? Why do you look so strangely at me? What has come between us?"

He waited, but she spoke not a word.

"You would never keep any secret from me, I know," he continued, "or I should fancy that something terrible weighed upon your mind. Do not look so sad. Raise your eyes to mine, love; and, if aught trouble you, tell me,—let me share it."

He clasped one arm round her, and drew her golden head close to him.

"Has anyone insulted or annoyed you?" he asked, gently.

"No," she replied,—"what could make you think of such a thing?"

"Are you sure, Hilda," he asked, "that you have not been subject to annoyance from any of our guests?"

"No," she said again; but he saw her face flush with pain. "Why do you ask me so strange a question, Claud?"

"My mother thought that on two occasions Mr. Fulton had annoyed you by slipping nonsensical little notes into your hand," he repeated. "Is it true, Hilda?"

He saw her pause before replying to his question.

"It is true he gave me two little notes," she said, in a faltering voice, "but they did not cause me any annoyance, Claud?"

"May I see them?" he asked.

"They are destroyed," she answered, in the same low, constrained voice.

"Will you tell me their contents?" he asked again.

"I cannot," she gasped.

He knew not what to say; never once had the eyes wherein truth and love shone so brightly been raised to his. The long dark lashes drooped on the white cheek, and she spoke as one under compulsion.

"Perhaps," he said, "it was nothing that concerned you,—some little affair of his own. Was it so?"

She answered not a word, and Lord Bayneham continued.

"I am no jealous husband, Hilda, interfering and prying into your concerns. Since we have been married I have never sought to know anything of your letters. I have trusted you implicitly in all things, as loyal and loyal men do trust. I should not interfere now, but that I have been told that those notes were almost forced upon you,—that you received them unwillingly; and it has caused me to wonder what they contained."

She raised her eyes to his face, and their worn, wild expression struck him painfully.

"I cannot tell you, Claud," she replied; "I would if it were possible."

"Do you know, Hilda," he said, gravely, "that nothing can justify you in keeping secrets from me? We should have but one mind and one heart between us. You have no right to withhold anything from me. My idea of married life is of perfect confidence, trust, and unity. I cannot imagine separate interests."

He saw a look of intense pain steal over her gentle face, but she made no effort to answer him.

"I suppose it is useless for me to repeat my wish," he added. "I cannot force your confidence, if you will not give it to me. I must be content to know that there are depths in my wife's heart hidden from me."

Lady Hilda shuddered as she remembered what those depths were.

He noted her gesture, and said, "I am not angry, Hilda; I am grieved, wounded, more deeply than I can tell you. What secret can my little wife be keeping from me?"

She made some slight movement, as though longing to throw herself at his feet and tell him. On her lips the words trembled, "I am an impostor—a convict's daughter. I've no right to be here—send me away." Once she began them, but the sound of her own voice frightened her, and she stopped—with a scared, wild look on her pale face that grieved and amazed her husband.

Lord Bayneham sat for some minutes in silence, gazing wistfully at the beautiful trembling girl by his side. He was sadly grieved. His young wife had ever seemed to him pure, gentle, and truthful as a child. Now with a woman's sorrow on her brow, with her averted eyes and trembling words, she was like a stranger to him; and it was with a deep sigh at the unpleasant task before him that he recommenced his inquiries.

"We will dismiss that subject, then, Hilda,—the first secret ever kept between us," said Lord Bayneham. "Now, explain for me this mystery—how came your bracelet, the one you should have valued for my sake, to be lying in the Lady's Walk?"

Then the calm of that sorrowful young face was broken; a quiver of pain passed over each feature, a look of despair shadowed the violet eyes; but Lady Hilda allowed the anxious, eager man to repeat his question before she seemed to understand it.

"Spare me, Claud," she said, holding out her hands to him.

"Spare you, Hilda!" he cried. "What can you mean?—spare you! What have I ever done that you should speak so to me? Would I not spare you every sorrow if I

could? I only ask to shield you from all care, to make you happy, and make you love me as I love you. What am I to spare you?"

"Any questions," she replied, weeping bitterly. "I cannot answer them, and they torture me."

"You cannot think they are pleasant for me," he said. "Hilda, my mother was with me when I found that bracelet. I read a doubt of you in her eyes; it made me indignant. I cannot explain it. Plainly as eyes could speak, hers said to me that there was something wrong. I brought her with me to see how mistaken she was, and you fainted with fear at the question which should have cleared away all silly mystery. That was how you cleared her doubt; can you satisfy my love in no better manner? Was I not right in saying that you wore that bracelet on your arm when I bade you good-night, last evening? It was there, was it not?"

"Yes," she replied despairingly, "it was there."

"And the first thing this morning I found it in the Lady's Walk," he continued; "yet you have never left your room. Can you not explain how it came to be there?"

"I might tell you a falsehood," she cried, —"I might invent false stories that would satisfy you,—but I will not do so; let Fate do her worst. No untrue words shall stain my lips. I cannot tell you the truth, and I scorn all evasion."

Lord Bayneham's face grew dark as he listened.

"More mysteries!" he said, bitterly. "You acknowledge, then, you could explain if you would, but will not."

Lady Hilda bowed her head, and he turned from the sight of that dark, despairing face,

"Are you trying to shield anyone who has robbed you?" he asked, his eyes growing bright at the thought.

"No," she replied; "no one has tried to rob me."

"Did you drop the bracelet yourself?" he inquired.

"Do not ask me, Claud," she cried, with clasped hands, her face streaming with tears.

"I will ask," he repeated, angrily,—"and I will know. What nonsense!—what folly! One might fancy that I was a husband in a French play, trying to fathom an intrigue. Did you drop the bracelet yourself Hilda?—you force me to speak angrily,—answer me?"

"I have told you I cannot answer you," she replied, with a tone of keen sharp pain that changed its music. "I scorn to speak untruly. I cannot answer you. Fate must do its worst."

There was despair in her face and voice, —despair so deep, so hopeless that Lord Bayneham knew not what to say or think.

"Darling," he said, gently, "be candid with me. Even supposing that you had done some little action not quite prudent, I could not be angry. I know how sweet, and pure my little wife is. Do not make me unhappy, love. Tell me what it is."

His gentle tone and kind face touched her more than anger could have done, and she laid her head on his breast, like a wearied child who has cried itself to sleep."

"Claud," she said, gently, "I cannot tell you. I wish I could die here in your arms, while your face looks so kind and you smile at me. It would be easier for me to die than answer your questions."

"I say it in sorrow, not in anger, Hilda," he replied, kissing her pale brow, "that the secret you own exists, but which you refuse to tell me, I shall find out for myself."

He unclasped her arms as he spoke, and rising from her side he slowly quitted the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHERE her husband left her, Lady Hilda sat, incapable of connected thought, conscious only of deep, unutterable anguish, that dulled her brain and seemed to paralyse her mind. She never remembered in after years how the hours passed after her father left her. It was like a dream of pain, full of sad and miserable pictures. The long night brought her no rest and no calm. She tried to pray, but her restless heart and restless lips could not be controlled. She tried hard to think, but thought was impossible. All round her in letters of fire she read that she was an impostor, a convict's daughter, who had no business there.

On some, such trouble would have fallen lightly; but to that sensitive, loving nature, it was martyrdom. If she could have gone and thrown herself at her husband's feet, and have told him all, confessing her unworthiness to be the mistress of the proud home where he had placed her, unworthy of the name and love of one whose race had never known the taint of shame, her sorrow would have been light in comparison. The worst that could have befallen her would have been that her husband would have sent her from him. From her height of pride Lady Bayneham would scorn her, and Miss Earle would look on with sorrow and wonder. Yet all that was far easier to bear than the consciousness of her secret. The knowledge that she was the child of one who had broken the law and suffered the fate as a convict;—the knowledge that she, although Lady Hutton's heiress and adopted daughter, was after all an imposter;—there was something even harder than that, and it was the necessity of keeping a secret from her husband, the noble upright man who had trusted her so deeply and loved her so well.

Life had been all sorrow for Lady Hilda since this barrier had arisen between them —since she had lost the power of looking with clear truthful eyes into his face; and she would have suffered anything willingly if she might have told him.

As she sat there, white and still as a marble statue, the impulse was strong upon her to go after him and tell him all, but three things prevented her,—three reasons held her bound in chains of iron. The first was his words, that "such a one" should be sent back to her own friends. If she confided her secret to her husband he would send her to live with the terrible father whose conduct had so fatally blighted her life. The second was the oath her dying mother asked her to take; and an oath was a sacred and solemn matter to Lady Hilda, not a promise that could be lightly broken. The third, and perhaps the most binding, was her father's determination, if the secret became known, to kill himself. He would do it she knew,—that vain proud nature would never withstand the shock; he would kill himself, and she would be answerable for his life.

There was no alternative; she must bear her husband's anger as best she could, endure his mother's proud dislike, and Miss Earle's sweet look of wondering sorrow. She did not fear that Lord Bayneham Bayneham would discover the fact of her presence in the Lady's Walk that night. If he did so, and knew that she had been there with Mr. Fulton, there was no help for her; she must then tell him all.

Hour after hour passed, and Lady Hilda still sat where her husband left her. From the confused mist of her thoughts one idea gradually grew upon her. It was that she must keep her secret, and learn to endure in silence all that it brought upon her.

The fair young child, for she was little else, wondered why this lot had fallen upon her. Only a few months since and her happiness was perfect, without a flaw, now her trouble seemed greater than she could bear. What had she done that she should be thus punished? No great or grievous sin marred or stained the course of that fair, tranquil life. She had done her duty as far as she knew it both to God and man. She had never wronged another, and the poor and the sorrowing rose up to bless her. Why was she punished so heavily?—all her sorrow came from the sins and follies of others. The weight fell upon her, crushing the brightness from her life, bending the golden head low in humbled shame.

"Why was it?"—reason gave no answer. She remembered her mother's words, that all would be clear in another world—she would know and understand why she had suffered in this. Then over the fair, sad face there stole a look of sweet, humble resignation. The wild tempest of sorrow became calm, and the beating rebellious heart grew still.

"I must bear it," said Lady Hilda to herself; and many others, by the bare utterance of those words, have learned to endure heavy sorrows in silence.

* * * * *

Lord Bayneham was ill at ease. He loved his beautiful young wife with a devotion that knew no limits. He could not, in his wildest dreams, imagine her capable even of an imprudence; and he wondered, until wonder became pain, what she was keeping from him. He did not see how it was possible for Lady Hilda to have any secrets; the simple story of her life was an open book, in which he had read every charming, innocent page. As for any love nonsense, he would sooner have suspected a bright-winged angel of mercy than his pure, loving, gentle wife. He would have dismissed the whole affair as nonsense, but for her own words—her own admission, that she had a secret which she could not share with him.

He stood in the library; a mass of papers lay in a confused heap upon the table, all awaiting his attention, but he had none to spare for them. It was seldom that the young lord of Bayneham wore so disturbed an expression on his comely face. He was at a standstill, and knew not what to do. If for a moment he felt angry with his young wife, the remembrance of her words—her pale, wistful face, lying on his breast—came over him, and all anger melted away.

As he was pondering over what to do, and perplexed by many thoughts, Barbara Earle entered the room—Barbara, whose noble soul-lit face looked serene and calm. For a moment Lord Bayneham's whole heart seemed to go out to meet her. There was no mystery, no concealment here, nothing but clear, glorious truth in the dark eyes raised to her face.

"What is the matter, Claud?" she asked, gaily; "you look as uninteresting as possible —almost cross, in fact. Surely you are not thinking of this nonsense about Hilda's bracelet? Lady Bayneham has just been telling me where you found it."

"And how do you imagine it came there?" asked the earl of his cousin.

"I should never try to discover," replied Barbara. "Perhaps Hilda's maid took it to be cleaned or repaired, or something else, and dropped it; or perhaps Hilda walked in her sleep. I tell you what, Claud; I should imagine every combination of strange and singular circumstances before I dared to think even the slightest wrong of one so pure and gentle as your wife."

"But it seems strange," said Lord Bayneham. "The thing that puzzles me most is, that she seems so frightened,—she trembles at the very mention of the word."

"Is she frightened?" asked Barbara, earnestly. "Then my idea is a correct one. Rely upon it, Claud, there is some little mystery, and Hilda is shielding some one else from blame."

"She ought at least to confide in me," said Lord Bayneham.

"Perhaps she fears your anger for the real culprit," said Miss Earle.

"I do not think so," replied her cousin; "she talks so tragically to me, poor child, that I am afraid there is something not quite straightforward. She tells me she cannot explain."

"Then," replied Miss Earle, with generous spirit, "if she says so Claud, never seek to know the rest. When a pure, guileless woman, like Hilda, wishes to keep a secret, be noble, and allow her to do so. Rely upon it, her motive justifies her."

"You love my wife, Barbara?" said Lord Bayneham.

"That I do," replied Miss Earle, "truly and warmly. I have implicit faith in her. Why, Claud, remember that sweet face. What could it hide?—no sin, no error, no wrong, I am sure. Depend upon it, this little affair of the bracelet, so perversely magnified, is nothing, after all. Most probably Pauline has been careless, and Hilda shields her from blame."

Lord Bayneham kissed his cousin's hand, loving her better in that moment than he had ever done before.

She smiled as she quitted the library, leaving the sunshine of her brave, generous words behind her.

No one loved or believed in Lady Hilda more strongly than her husband. He wanted to make his mother share that faith. For himself, Barbara's words almost satisfied him. If he could but convince Lady Bayneham! He resolved to see the maid herself, and question her, he did so,—and she looked very pretty and smiling as she stood before him.

"I am thinking of ordering a jewel-case for Lady Bayneham," he said. "I wish to surprise her with it. Give me the size of the one she uses."

With smiling coquettish grace the maid complied; there was nothing like the shadow of fear on her face.

"I am afraid the case in use is not a secure one," continued Lord Bayneham; "and I have some reason for believing that her ladyship's jewels are not well kept."

Pauline ventured respectfully to deny the assertion asking, as was natural, what the reason was.

"I found a bracelet in the park this morning," said Lord Bayneham, "which has evidently been dropped yesterday."

"If a bracelet was found there," said Pauline, who did not seem dismayed, "my lady must have dropped it. I believe she walked out for a few minutes last night; she has done so once or twice before."

Lord Bayneham made no comment, and Pauline, proud of the young earl's attention to her words, chatted on gaily.

"I believe my lady walked in the garden a few minutes," she continued; "she sent me away early, and I saw her afterwards going down the north staircase. Perhaps she dropped it there."

"Perhaps so," said Lord Bayneham, with well acted indifference; "but do not mention it, as I intend the jewel-case for a surprise."

Pauline promised obedience and tripped away, thinking what a handsome, devoted husband Lord Bayneham was, and how happy her lady must be.

CHAPTER XXX

LORD BAYNEHAM was bewildered. If his wife chose to walk out at any hour or in any place, she was perfectly free to do so; but he could imagine no reason why she should endeavor to keep so trivial a circumstance secret from him. He even remembered that once before, some long time since, when they were speaking of the effects of late hours, he himself had said, that after a brilliant evening passed in the excitement of conversation or other mental efforts, nothing was so good as a few minutes spent in the fresh air. Most probably on that evening his wife, after leaving the drawing-room, had gone out, (as he had once advised her to do) and had dropped her bracelet unperceived, but why make any mystery of so trifling a secret, unless—and here he grew anxious again—unless something happened then and there which she did not wish him to know?

Think as he would, Lord Bayneham was no nearer solving the mystery; as he went out into the park, wondering if the fresh air would give him any inspiration. As he strolled listlessly along, Simpson, the head gamekeeper, saw him and drew near, as though desirous of speaking to him.

"What is it, Simpson?" asked Lord Bayneham, listlessly, annoyed at the interruption.

"I am afraid we shall have some trouble, my lord," replied the man; "I have seen one or two notorious poachers about lately, and I feel sure that they have been at their old tricks. I was in the park all last night, and I wanted to tell your lordship, but I saw you here walking with my lady, and I would not interrupt you."

"Saw me here!" said the young earl; "where and at what time?"

"It would be after ten," replied the man. "You were in the Lady's Walk with my lady. I saw her face, but not yours, my lord; I did not like to intrude."

Not by one word or look did Lord Bayneham betray his wife.

"Quite right," he said, hastily; "but what about these poachers? I do not believe in the Game Laws as some of my neighbors do, but I will have no poaching."

Simpson then entered into details, of which Lord Bayneham never heard one word. His wife had been there, and not alone,—who was with her? Ah, that was why she fainted with fear. Could that pure sweet face hide deceit or guilt? Barbara's words rose before him, but what would Barbara say if she knew what he had heard?

The gamekeeper spoke in entire good faith. He had passed near the Lady's Walk on the previous evening and seen two figures there. When Lady Hilda turned to look in Paul Fulton's face, Simpson saw her plainly, and naturally supposed she was with her husband. The man thought nothing of the circumstance, merely naming it in a gossipping way,—partly to prolong his interview, and partly to show his zeal.

"I will attend to it, Simpson; we will have no poaching," said Lord Bayneham, suddenly interrupting the astonished gamekeeper in the midst of a brilliant description of the poaching affray at Hulsmeer. But not one word he had uttered was heard by his young master, who was all impatience to find himself once more with his wife.

All the way home Lord Bayneham was pondering on the one question—who was walking with Lady Hilda after ten at night, when she was supposed to be in her own room? Could it have been Mr. Fulton?—no, the idea was simply ridiculous. Mr. Fulton might have admired her, might have addressed some complimentary verses to her; but, under the Earl of Bayneham's own roof he would not dare to solicit an interview with his wife. Even had he the audacity to propose such a thing, it was not likely that the fair, innocent Lady of Bayneham would consent to such a proceeding. Whoever was with his wife must have been a stranger, not one of those within his own gates.

The mystery must be solved; she had refused to tell him the contents of the notes; but let that pass,—most likely they contained little but nonsense. She would not explain the finding of the bracelet; that, too, might pass, but she must tell him with whom she walked and talked at night and alone.

When Lord Bayneham entered Hilda's room she was sitting just as he had left her, still and calm as a statue.

"I must learn to bear it," she had said to herself when his voice at the door startled her.

When he entered the room Lady Hilda's heart sank at the expression of his face.

"Hilda," he said hoarsely, "I know all. You have no more to conceal."

Ah, never again did he see on mortal face such a look of agony as hers wore then; never did human voice sound so despairingly.

"You know all?" she said, rising and standing with clasped hands before him.

Now came the error which for years wrecked those two lives.

"I know all," said Lord Bayneham.

He meant to say that he knew that she had been in the Lady's Walk, and not alone; but she thought by those few words he meant to say that he knew all her secrets, and that she had nothing more to conceal from him; often and often have the events of a lifetime hinged upon a mistake less grave than this.

His words, spoken jestingly so long ago, flashed across her, when she had asked him if he were deceived in his wife what would he do, and his answer had been, "Such a one must return to her friends. I should know how to find a remedy for the mistake."

"Claud, you know all," she said, looking at him steadily; "did you mean what you said?—must I go?"

He did not understand to what she alluded. He had completely forgotten the conversation that was ever in her mind.

"Did you mean it?" she repeated in a low voice.

"I always mean what I say," replied Lord Bayneham; "and, Hilda, it has come to this——"

His sentence was never completed, for just at that moment Pauline knocked at the door.

"The Duke of Lulcham is waiting to see you, my lord," said the maid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

HAUNTED.

BY P. BERRY DOYLE.

The heart has its haunted chambers,
Thick peopled with ghost and sprite,
That often come forth at noonday,
Or walk in the soul's dark night.
There are some that may heed our summons,
And vanish or rise at will;
And others that, dreaming or waking,
We hopelessly seek to still.

The shadows of days departed—
Of flowers whose bloom is shed—
A mem'ry of hidden faces,
The levelled graves of the dead;
A gleam of life's fair sunshine—
An echo of summer birds—
The lingering pain and sorrow
Of Love's unspoken words.

And oft, tho' none may know it,
The touch of a kindly hand,
Or gentle look of some tear-worn eye
Are born of this spectral band;
For much of life's brightest, or blackest,
Its truest and falsest part,
Tho' the world be slow to see it,
Are ghosts of a haunted heart.

Her Last Entry.

BY R. BELLMONT.

MISS MIRANDA MIGGS, the eldest of four daughters, had been for some months forming herself after the perfect model of a self indulgent lady. In the early stages of her progress she learned to have nothing to do, as one of the essential requisites of this order. Yet she had so far overcome her repugnance to actual labor as to make her own toilet; to take the papers from her hair and stretch up a "French twist" without the aid of a barber, provided she is to stay at home a day. But she is falling a strange prey to Morpheus, and throws herself into his dreamy arms every morning before she receives her fashionable calls. She rises just in season to attire herself to welcome her "genteel acquaintances." Silks, heavily flounced, are dragging over drawing-room carpets, and embroidered handkerchiefs, with wide Mechlin lace, are peeping out of her shallow pockets Having disposed of her friends, she wanders among the parterre of flowers which are so showily arranged in yonder oriental window. Her tiny fingers press the sweet scented heliotrope, and her languishing eyes feast upon the wax plant that so glossily rises above all its kindred race, and ere long the summons to dinner cannot be resisted But how is the appetite cloyed, if perchance "mamma" has on a rumpled cap with faded flowers or Juliette uses a spoon where a silver fork should be applied! How she feels disgusted at "witnessing father's voracious appetite!" Ah, indeed, she is only fitted for a more exquisite society, where they twirl the spoon for half an hour in the soup, and indulge in a pleasant chit-chat with some young gentlemen at their elbows.

Were it not that Miss Miranda is invited occasionally to some splendid ball or fashionable party, her present position would be unendurable. But ever since she attended Mrs Jones' ball, and became enamored of Mr. Micajah Flirtwell, golden visions of future bliss are continually floating before her There he stands at the corner of the street, with a pair of those checked pants, and a single breasted vest of sky blue color, with those splendid pair of French boots, beneath which he is so completely strapped down as to give his spring heels a constant inclination to fly upwards. And what splendid whiskers, just rubbed in the dye, which so conceals dame Nature in her attempts to make one grow old; and with unique plaid dicky, and gold-bowed spectacles, is not Mr. Micajah Flirtwell "a love of a man!"

"Besides, it will be so pleasant to be pointed at as the lady who walks with that handsome man! And to hear gay young ladies and sensible old bachelors wondering whether or no you are engaged.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Miranda, "is it not rich and recherché!"

"How unamiable it sounded in father to protest against calling on those acquaintances who could not pay their debts! Mr. Flirtwell told me about being disappointed in his remittances, in consequence of not receiving his annual allowances from his father; but what is money in affairs of the heart! It is a perfect bore, to be forever torturing oneself about living in this world, as if one's energies are to be thrown away upon an establishment When I marry," continued Miss Miranda, "it shall be simply, solely and altogether for love! Nonsense, about want creeping into the window. We will live in a cottage, and I will have my sweet little garden, and my tiny spade and hoe, and Mr. Flirtwell shall sing to me from the summer-house, or read some romantic love tale, analogous to ourselves. Now this would be real enjoyment—so remote from household drudgery, and fretting over bad debts and failing customers; to sit and enjoy the beautiful setting sun, while Mr. Flirtwell so gracefully smokes his cigar, and all the world is in admiration of his handsome face and agreeable manners

"What if father should disinherit me as he threatens to do! Is not the affection of a congenial lover or adorable husband worth ten times as much as he can withhold! I never did care for money, only as I wanted it for particular purposes——"

Miss Miranda was interrupted in her loving reflections by the untimely interference of Mr. Constable Ordway, who laid his hand on Mr. Flirtwell's shoulder!

Fortunately for some romantic ladies, that the concentrated essence of sentimentalism destroys itself. Miss Miranda Miggs found that her besieged affections, which so affectionately rested on securing a handsome husband, did not work so charmingly. Her last entry in her note book includes the following insertion:

"Resolved, to play the foolish game no longer. Marrying for beauty is indeed a fatal mistake. I have looked upon such husbands, and find, instead of admiring their wives, their whole attention is given to their own persons. Who wants to live among a heap of cosmetics, dyes, powders and perfumeries? to be obliged to use chloroform for the fidgets, or a fit of jealousy, and swallow down large doses of valerian to quiet the nervous sensations which his return from some club produces? And then the decidedly handsome man always wants a wife ditto And should he not prove rich, what a world of vexation is imposed on the woman. She must soil her fingers in the kitchen, do a thousand menial offices which she cannot afford to have done for her, and sit in the parlor attired like a lady while the cake is burning in the oven. I have just returned from visiting some friends who have been caught in such meshes. The sympathy I wasted on Mr Flirtwell cured me of such unsubstantial romance. Poor dog! he hadn't a thing but brass to recommend him—not a farthing in his pocket—in debt to his washerwoman—pledged his watch for opera tickets, and at one time made me seriously think about leaving this country to travel abroad! Well, 'papa' was not so far out of the way after all, and 'mama' said enough in all conscience to warm my younger sisters. My flirtations, however, have not been the death of me; it may be they have proved my salvation; for I have since learned not to regard the superfluous appendages of would-be gentlemen, but only to ascertain what properties they possess that will endure when they grow old naturally—and with all this experience, I am but just turned two and twenty!"

Carrie's Confession.

BY A. F. G.,

A LETTER for you, Carrie!"

"Indeed, mamma, who can it be from!" asked Carrie Vernon, as she stretched out her little white hand to receive it; then her face flushed angrily, and tears of indignation sprang to her deep, dark eyes, as she said, "It's from that detestable Edward Richmond! How dare he write to me? I shall send his letter back unopened, so there!"

And the young lady, generally so kind and gentle, threw the offending epistle on the floor.

Mrs. Vernon picked it up and opened it. She soon read the few lines, traced in a bold hand on delicate scented paper.

"He does not hold you to the engagement, Carrie," she said, with a little sigh, as she finished. "He makes you a fair offer of marriage, and you are free to accept it or not, as you choose Do marry him, my darling, and in executing the one wish that your father cherished through life and in death, make me also happy."

"Mamma, I cannot; please do not ask me," pleaded the girl, softly. "I should always hate him, and always be unhappy."

"But why should you, Carrie? You have not seen Edward Richmond since you was five years old How do you know you should hate him?"

"I know that I never can like him," was the reply; "and as long as I have my proper senses I will never marry him."

Carrie Vernon had always had her own way, and probably always would, and her mother knew it would be useless to plead with her; so she could only sigh in submission to her beautiful daughter's will.

About twenty years before, on the day Carrie Vernon was born, her father and Edward Richmond's had made a compact between them, for their son and daughter to marry each other when they were old enough.

Although Edward Richmond had not seen his cousin since both were children, for his dead father's sake he was willing to fulfil his part of the engagement and marry Carrie Vernon, if she would accept his offer, which was a very kindly spoken and generous one. But Carrie, pretty little self-willed maiden, had no idea of entering on so strange and romantic an engagement. All her life she had heard of Edward Richmond as her future husband, but as such she had never thought of him. One day, a handsome and gallant knight would meet her, fall in love with her, and marry her. Until he came, she would simply wait, for she did not entertain the slightest idea of marrying her cousin.

"I shall not even write to him," she said to her mother, very decidedly; but added immediately, "You must answer the letter, mamma, and tell him for me that I cannot become his wife; and you might invite him to come and pay us a visit. It would be very nice to have him come while the Harcourts are here."

Mrs. Vernon did as directed, and two weeks later saw Edward Richmond in his aunt's little parlor.

He greeted Carrie with a pleasant smile and outstretched hand, in which she laid both her little trembling ones, as, with downcast eyes and a deep flush on her face, she spoke her words of welcome.

And this was cousin Ned—this tall, elegantly dressed stranger, who was as handsome as the knight of whom she had dreamed, and whose deep, brown eyes looked so smilingly down into her own, and so utterly disconcerted her, that she was often obliged to turn her head away to hide the blushes that would come and go, constantly brightening and illuminating her face till Edward Richmond thought it the most beautiful face he had ever seen. And half unconsciously at first, she grew to love the man whose suit she had so coldly rejected, with all the fervor of her innocent, trusting heart. But she resolved that no one should ever know of it. It was her secret, and hers alone, and she would bear her burden in silence.

A few days after Ned's arrival, Mrs. Harcourt and her two daughters came to pay them a long visit.

From that time, Ned Richmond was almost constantly at Julia Harcourt's side. Sometimes he seemed utterly unconscious of his cousin's presence, so engrossed was he in his new acquaintance.

Carrie Vernon was very pretty, but she looked positively plain beside the superbly beautiful girl who was her guest. Julia's black, flashing eyes, and creamy complexion, could not be equaled by Carrie, and she felt that these things had learned her cousin more than all her artless simplicity and pretty, coaxing ways And day by day her silent burden became heavier and harder to bear; day by day she learned to love Ned Richmond more fully; day by day, and hour by hour, he seemed to drift farther and farther away from her, and at last she told herself that he was lost to her forever. O, the bitterness of that thought! How could she bear it? Would she sink beneath the load? No, she would be brave and firm, and her pride would do the rest. It was better so, she told herself, for if she had married him he never would have loved her, and she would be even more miserable than she was now. Then, with a vague sort of wonder, she wondered if any one could be more miserable than she.

So it went on for nearly a month, and Carrie Vernon, the formerly bright and joyous maiden, became most sad and gloomy. Gradually her beauty began to fade, the bloom departed from her cheek, leaving it wan and pale, her eyes lost their brightness, and her voice its silvery accents

But her heart did not lose its idol; time only deepened the rarely pure and unselfish love of her life. She lived very much by herself in those days. Sometimes she would sit for a whole afternoon, under a big elm tree in the wood, and dream—dream of what her life might have been if she had not so hastily blighted her own future.

She was sitting thus one day, with an open book on her lap, but she was not now reading. The story on the page was one of hopeless love so like her own, that unconsciously she repeated the poet's words. Her eyes were fixed away, beyond her mother's house, and her face wore a dreamy, listless look. Suddenly she turned in her low seat and leaned her head against the tree beside her. For a moment her lips quivered, the tears fell from her dark eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks From the poet's written sorrows she turned to her own, and almost involuntarily, in a low and bitter tone, she wailed:

"Oh! my cousin, I love you so, and you are lost to me forever! Oh, I love you so!"

"Carrie, my darling!"

It was Ned who spoke, and the girl sprang up, with flushed cheeks and angry eyes. He had heard her declare her love for him, and his heart throbbed wildly as she stood before him. Should she turn and fly? She was about to do so, when he caught her in his arms and clasped her to him, as he said:

"Carrie, my darling, is it true that you do love me after all. Oh, tell me, is it really so? Have I won the priceless treasure I have craved so long? Dearest, can you, do you, care for me?"

"I love you better than life, Ned," was the reply, and she did not blush to own it.

And Ned, looking down in the sweet, fair face, thought he had never seen her look so pretty before.

They were married soon after, and as little Maud climbs to her father's knee, and asks for a story, he always tells her how he won her mamma.

THE NAILS OF THE CROSS.—Constantine the Great obtained, at the same time with the Cross, the nails of the Passion. He melted a part of them into a helmet for himself, and the other part was converted into a bridle for his horse, in supposed obedience to a prophetic text of Zachariah:—"In that day shall there be upon the bells (bridles) of the horses, holiness to the Lord!"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AN OLD GREEK RECEIPT.—Mix boiled hog's lard and milk with thick gruel. Stir it well together with fresh cheese, yolks of eggs, and brains. Wrap it in a fragrant fig-leaf, and boil in the gravy of a chicken or a kid. When taken out, remove the leaf and souse it in a potful of boiling honey. The name of this comestible is derived from the fig-leaf, but the mixture consists of equal parts of each, but rather more egg, for this gives it consistency. This appears to have been a popular dish.

MUSICAL SERVANTS.—The following advertisements are taken from an old English work. They speak volumes for the abject standing of musicians one hundred and fifty years ago: "If any young man that plays well on the violin and writes a good hand desires a clerkship, I can help him to $100 a years" "I want a complete young man that will wear livery, to wait on a very valuable gentleman; but he must know how to play on a violin or a flute" "I want a genteel footman that can play on the violin to wait on a person of honor." "If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter tenor voice, I can help him to a place worth $150 a year, or more."

BLESSING THE HORSES.—Among the popular customs in which animals play a leading part that of the blessing of the horses in Rome on St. Anthony's Day, January 17, is the most familiar. Every description of vehicle, from the coaches of the Princes, and the Cardinals' state carriages, all scarlet and blazonry, to the peasant's cart and the muleteer's wagon, with horses, mules, and asses all decked out in ribbons and tassels, are then driven in endless procession in front of the Church of St. Antonio, where the priests, standing at the door, sprinkled the animals with holy water as they pass by The owners believe that they are thus secured against all malefient influences for the year and may defy the power of witchcraft to harm them.

A CURIOUS FLOWER.—An extremely curious flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, at which place it is said that the vegetable treasures of the eastern world were first collected. This flower belongs to the Narcissus kind of bulbs There were three naked flowers on the stalk, hanging on one side. The underneath one was fading, but the other two were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect and lifelike humming-bird. The leaves of bright emerald green are a complete copy of the bird, and the throat head, beak, and wings are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are bright rose-color; and the under part of the flower is of a deep brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly; and here the seeds are found.

HISTORY OF THE HAT.—How few of us ever trace up the history of the hat! The Greeks made them in skull-caps, conical, truncated, narrow or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of liberty. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes: the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captain wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat, lined with red, and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woolen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.

THE GORDIAN KNOT.—This is a phrase referring to one of the celebrated Grecian myths. The name is derived from Gordius, a legendary King of Parygia, and the father of that Midas who was fabled to turn everything that he touched into gold. Gordius was originally a peasant, until it chanced that one day, while he was plowing, an eagle alighted upon his yoke of oxen and stood there until evening. To learn the meaning of this sign, he went to consult the soothsayers of Telmessus, and was informed that his family should attain greatness. A prophetess whom he met at this time became his wife. When their son Midas had grown to manhood, the country was rent with civil dissensions, and an oracle declared that a car would bring the country a new king, and with him the end of their disturbance. While they were deliberating, Gordius, with his wife and son, unexpectedly appeared, riding in a rude wagon, whose yoke was fastened to the pole by a complicated mass of cordage. Gordius, being hailed as king, at once consecrated the yoke of his team to Jupiter, in the acropolis of Gordium. An oracle now declared that whoever should untie its artfully made knot would become master of Asia. Upon the march of Alexander the Great towards Persia he is said to have ascended the citadel and to have fulfilled the prophecy by cutting the famous Gordian knot asunder with his sword.

A REVERIE.

BY A. W. CROWELL.

Her lamp has burned out!
At the noontide of brightness the life-oil has failed;
At the zenith of beauty the life-flame has paled—
Has paled and grown dimmer and dimmer, till now
There is nothing but pale-featured Death on her brow;
Her lamp has burned out!

She is beautiful now!
She was beautiful then ere the life-flame had fled,
With a beauty that was not of earth, so they said—
Death has stolen the spirit, but left in its place
A glory-light, lovely with heavenly grace:
She is beautiful now!

Her life-sun has set!
As the evening drew near, and the west was aglow,
Her soul was borne on into Heaven, we know,
Entered in thro' the gates of the bright yonder-land
At the feet of the Bountiful Giver to stand,
Her life-sun has risen.

"I Hate You!"

BY EDWARD LONGLAND.

"NO, KATIE, I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. Of course if you are bent upon making such a fool of yourself, I cannot prevent you; but, if I were a gentleman, I should be disgusted with any girl who could behave so badly," said Katie Hinton's elder sister, drawing up her figure, and pursing up her mouth as if she never meant to open it again.

"But, Mag, he will never know I sent it," returned Kate; "he will get such a lot that it will be impossible for him to distinguish mine from others."

"Trust him for that, and you too," was Miss Hinton's remark as she retired from the little back room of the stationer's shop, where, in the early part of February, the obsequious foreman was displaying before his fastidious customer his newest stock of valentines.

Turning them over and over, trying to decide upon the prettiest, the least gaudy, Katie Hinton wasted more than half of the bright winter morning. Her sister, with most exemplary patience, waited in the shop, but after the aforementioned outbreak she took no more notice of the first purchaser, who, getting no sympathy from her companion, was left to her own discretion.

Maggie's penance was over at last, and Katie, with a flush on her cheek, and the lines of the little mouth sobered, half from maidenly shame at her purchase, half from dread of her sister's scorn, re-entered the shop.

"Well," said Maggie, "so you've done at last. Have you got what you like?"

"As far as I could," was the somewhat evasive reply; "will you look at it?"

"I? No, thank you. You don't want encouragement in your vanities," said Maggie. "Now let us make haste home. Papa and the boys will be waiting for dinner."

Both girls walked quickly down the High Street, and, turning to the right, entered a long wide street, bordered with pretty modern-looking houses, overlooking on the opposite side large pasture fields, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, the whole place rejoicing in the name of Parkham; and in the centre house, the best built, owning the largest establishment, and altogether the leading establishment in the little community of Woodmoor, lived the subject of the one sister's sneer and the other's unbounded admiration. Stephen Lee was not one to be despised as the world goes now; and he knew it. And his careless and easy-going ways provoked Maggie Hinton's wrath, and she was angry with her pretty little sister for giving him a preference.

Knowing Maggie's decided disapproval of Stephen and "his ways," Katie was rather fearful of making a disclosure of her intended purchase; but her candid, open nature shrank from deceiving the sister who had more than replaced the long lost mother, and Katie, walking silently by her sister's side, with her eyes on the ground, sighed over the rebuffs she had received. An impatient gesture from her sister made her look up; and, coming towards them in the distance, they saw Stephen Lee.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I hope he won't stop us. I can't put this parcel into my muff, it is too large, and he is sure to guess what it is."

"Nonsense, child, he will think it some writing paper," said Maggie, willing to give a little consolation even for the despised valentine.

"No, that he won't," contradicted Katie. "He knows I am going to send some valentines; he made me confess it the other night. You know his way of never taking a refusal when he wants the opposite."

"I know none of his ways, and I hope you will not either," said Maggie. "And for goodness' sake, Katie, don't blush when he comes up; it makes me so angry to see his self satisfied look. Out of his office at this time, too, idling about; up to no good, I'll be bound."

The "self-satisfied look" changed to a very bright, winning smile, as he met the sisters, and of course stopped. Katie, in taking her hand out of her muff to shake hands, dropped the important parcel. Down into the gutter it fell, and all Stephen's despatch did not prevent the outer paper from getting soiled.

"I am so sorry; it is all my fault. I hope the enclosed is not injured," he said, with an earnest apology in his dark eyes, but a half smile, full of love, on his lips.

"It does not matter," murmured Katie, looking up shyly.

"It is a lesson to you, Katie, not to indulge in such vanities," said Maggie, hoping to improve matters. "Of course that fine thing is of no earthly good to you or anybody else now."

"As I have been the spoiler, give me the pleasure of replacing it," said Stephen. "I will get another for you. May I?"

Instead of restoring the damaged property, the young man was putting it into his own pocket, when Katie, thorough aroused to the strange proposal, exclaimed:

"Indeed, Mr. Lee, I cannot allow that. Please to give it me again."

"You cannot allow," he echoed; "but it is necessary for me to have it. You would only throw it away; and if I want it, mayn't I have the—the rubbish?"

"If you want it, you had better take it, Mr. Lee; we have no time to wait," said Maggie. "Come, Katie," she added, hoping to put a stop to the absurdity of the whole affair by hastening on.

Frightened out of her wits at what might or might not happen if she disobeyed Maggie's injunction, Katie left the parcel to its fate.

"He will know from whom that comes," said Maggie; "so set your mind at rest, Katie."

"Oh, Maggie, what will he think, letting him have it in that bold way?" asked Katie.

"As well one way as another," replied Maggie; "you meant it for him, and now he has got it—with no mistake as to the donor."

"But it is not the proper way," said Katie; "it is not like sending a valentine by post, and if you had only not interfered, Maggie, he would have given it me back back again. "Oh, how miserable I am!" sighed the poor girl, and she really looked so, as she entered her father's house with her sister.

"What a pity you are so weak-minded as to waste a thought upon that worthless Stephen Lee and a still more worthless valentine!" said Maggie. "Make haste and dress for dinner."

* * * * *

The following morning the postman was more than an hour behind his usual time of delivering the letters at Mr. Hinton's, having to leave something at every house, great or small, on his way. There was a general rush to front doors when at last he was seen approaching, and Mr. Hinton's household was likeminded with their neighbors—all save Katie. This morning she keep aloof, and when she received her single ornamented envelope, containing she knew not what, she ran away to her own room to open and make discoveries in private. And what did she find after all? A highly got up filigreed paper with a wreath of lilies of the valley and blush roses, a Cupid in the centre, and a verse framed in words of never dying love and constancy, written in gold letters with a great many flourishes. Nothing so elaborate. It was a letter containing in black and white a formal proposal of marriage—in one line a quotation very similar to a line in the unwillingly relinquished valentine! Poor Katie was in despair. She thought Stephen Lee had taken an unfair advantage of his untimely discovery. She believed not a word of his love letter, and, as it is held allowable to answer valentines received, provided the donor is recognised, she drew a sheet of pretty blue edged paper from her writing case, and impetuously dashed off the following lines:

When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.
But whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await us;
To love you was pleasant enough,
But oh! it's delicious to hate you.

She directed and stamped the envelope, and there and then despatched the letter to the postoffice. And when all this was done, she indulged in the feminine weakness of a good cry. But she was not twenty yet, and no moralizer.

* * * * *

"Tell me it was all a jest Katie, and I'll wait contentedly till your just anger against me is appeased," said Stephen. "It was an unfortunate mistake of mine, but you did not, could not mean those cruel lines."

In his earnest pleading the young man seized her hand with his own, and covered it with kisses. With a choking sob she wrenched it away.

"Mr. Lee," she said, "how dare you? I did and do mean what I said. I will not answer your impertinent question, as to whether I meant that silly thing for you or not. It is not fair to ask me, and I will neither say 'Yes' nor 'No.'"

"You are angry with me now," he answered; "justly, I own, dear child! I won't bear malice, and before six months are over our heads, I will again put myself at your feet. Delicious as it may be for you to hate me, I know I cannot live without you. Good-bye for six long months, my day-star, my little treasure, that I long to take in my arms for ever."

He looked for some relenting in the face so proudly silent at his daring. She would not give him her hand at parting, and "Go, I hate you," were her last words in exasperated passion at his coolness.

Stephen Lee went away, and through the lengthening Spring days Katie learned only too well to what an extent she had deceived herself when she said so confidently on St Valentine's Day, "I hate you."

* * * * *

It was August, the corn-fields were reduced to stubble, and the shooting parties were making up their numbers, and still Stephen Lee was away on his travels—that self-banishment of six months, at the end of which he was once again to plead his cause.

In the meantime, Katie Hinton had breathed no word of relenting even to herself, but tried to put Stephen and his love as far from her thoughts as possible; but, as his lengthened absence began to be commented upon. Katie found that total silence and indifference were rather hard to keep up, and one sultry noon, towards the end of August, unusually inquisitive visitors made Katie lose her temper, and, irritated by their idle curiosity, she left Maggie to entertain them, and hurried through the house to the wilderness of a garden at the back. But her hasty steps were arrested; a manly figure stood in her path, two hands suddenly clasped both hers, and breathlessly she stood, ashamed of her impetuosity being discovered by the hated Stephen Lee.

"You won't banish me a second time?" he whispered, bending his face very close to hers.

He drew the supple form close to his breast, and kissed the quivering lips as they breathed out their willing confession:

"Stephen, I never meant it."

Katie Hinton and Stephen Lee are married now; and even Maggie "the severe" has learned to look with leniency upon that frivolous purchase which led to such happy results.

A Country Wife.

BY G. C. HILL.

THE Miss Calkins—or, as they were sometimes wont to call themselves, the Misses Calkins—were two young ladies, who never omitted to congratulate themselves that they lived "in town." Nothing, they religiously believed, ever came to much in the country; and nobody ever was anything, who happened to live out of town.

They were not even endowed young ladies, the two Misses Calkins, either in point of comeliness or gentle breeding. They affected refined society, and kept the cheapest. Yet in doing as they did, they offered just patronage enough to the latter class to assure them that they were capable of vastly superior social achievements.

For all this, however, Caleb Calkins was quite another sort of person. He laughed at his sisters, when they did not vex him; and when they were unfortunate enough to do that, he was ungallant enough to retort upon them his own and other people's opinions of their very fastidious notions. He thought that simplicity and honest heartedness always insured gentle behavior, whether the intellect had been highly cultivated or not.

In this, as in almost all other things, Mr. Caled Calkins was unlike his sisters. Their influence over him was exceedingly small, and they went the wrong way to enlarge it; they protested, and he reasoned; they taunted, and he stung; they put on airs; he maddened them with clever ridicule. No armor of theirs, that he could not pierce with his arrows. Yet to them Caleb was totally invulnerable.

He drove up to the stable one day, in an airy little one-horse carriage, and jumped out upon the ground. Taking his valise from the vehicle, he proceeded to cross the street to his father's house.

"There's Caleb!" muttered Susan, who was the elder of the two sisters. The tone in which the syllables were given, was nothing by the side of the sour look that curdled in her countenance.

"Where do you suppose he's been?" asked Charlotte, in reply.

"Been! Been off into the country, of course!" said Susan, laying a contemptuous stress on the word country, that was the best thing that could be got up of its kind.

"To worship at the shrine of some rustic belle," returned Charlotte. "Haven't I been questioned about it by Miss Sawyer, and had it thrown in my face by Miss Thompson, and been obliged to confess it to Miss Norton? And aint there a hundred others who would be glad to see us brought down by just such a thing as that? Just the thought of it—of Caleb's marrying a country girl! Why, it's absolutely preposterous! He must be out of his head!"

"Something must be the matter with him," acquiesced Miss Susan, playing with her dangling curls.

Just at that moment the object of earnest animadversion came into the room. After some unimportant remarks he suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I've got a bit of news for you. I'm going to be married!"

"Married!" shrieked Susan, holding up both hands.

"Married!" repeated Charlotte, rolling up her eyes to the wall.

"Are you really going to be married to a vulgar country girl?" asked Susan, rising.

"Yes."

"A country girl!" exclaimed Charlotte, likewise rising.

"Yes."

Susan hurried from the room, without another syllable, her face burning crimson.

Charlotte followed her in extreme haste.

Good-bye!" shouted Caleb, after them.

They responded by a vigorous slam of the door only.

"Now they shall be cured of this nonsense," soliloquized Caleb, "and the sooner the better. They know nothing as yet of the name of my wife—how odd that word sounds to me, to be sure!—and I wont enlighten them."

And Caleb was quite as good as his word.

Perhaps it was a month after this very delightful incident, or episode, that the two Misses Calkins, while sitting together in their parlor, one afternoon, heard the doorbell ring, and saw a boy deliver a billet doux to the girl who answered the bell-pull.

It was an invitation for the two sisters to attend a social party at the house of Miss Mary Broad, on the following Thursday evening. Such delight as they were in, can only be conceived by those who are in similar social circumstances. They tried to recall the few times when they had been thrown into the society of Miss Broad; and thought of the trifling attentions she had ever vouchsafed to them on such occasions. They felt sure that their prospects were now looking up; even in spite of the ignominy their brother Caleb insisted on bringing upon them. An invitation to the house of Mary Broad!—it was across the threshold of the best society in town.

Thursday evening ushered them into the brilliantly lighted parlors of Miss Broad, to whom they lost no time in paying most obsequious attention.

They moved about in the crowds, almost unnoticed and unknown. Yet they were not the persons to stand long upon such trifles as that. They introduced themselves. They abhorred prudishness, so they said; and the other extreme was the one they adopted.

"There's Caleb!" exclaimed Charlotte.

"Well done!" replied Susan.

"I didn't know he was to be here!"

"Nor I," said Susan. "I wonder how that happened!"

Caleb was there, and alone just at the moment they spied him. Their eyes were drawn from him, however, by the sight of a most lovely female, who had just then passed them, leaning upon the arm of Miss Mary Broad. Both were accompanied by a gentleman unknown to them. They remarked the uncommon beauty of the stranger lady, and simultaneously wondered who she could be. They observed that she received very much of the attention of all parties, and were not a little chagrined to see their own brother Caleb conversing with her in quite a confidential air. They wondered how he could be acquainted with her; and a thousand times envied him his privilege. If the Misses Calkins were apt to be taken, as people say, with anything, it was new and pretty faces. Caleb knew it, and enjoyed their feverishness to the utmost. He underwent no little exertion, too, in shunning contact with them during the whole evening. At midnight, or not very far from that hour, Caleb entered the parlor of his own residence. His sisters were already there, discussing the evening's experience.

"Caleb!" protested Susan, in a very tender and grief-stricken tone, when he opened the door.

"Well, what?" asked he, seating himself.

"Why couldn't you show your sisters—your own sisters—a little attention this evening? There we knew nobody; and you were enjoying yourself with Mary Broad and her friend—"

"Who was that lady?" interrupted Charlotte.

"Yes, who was she?" echoed Susan.

"I believe she is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary's," replied Caleb, "who is at present visiting there."

"But where is she from? and what is her name?" persisted Susan.

"She is from the country, girls," said Caleb, triumphantly. "Her name is Martha Allen. And in less than a month she will be Mrs Caleb Calkins!"

A member of the Canadian Parliament, who had his coat stolen from him in Ottawa, lately, borrowed one of a friend, and as it was too small, was arrested by the police while on his way home on suspicion of having stolen it, and taken to the police station. While he was there the thief who had stolen his coat was brought in. Explanations were made, the member was released, and the thief was sentenced to prison for one year.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY L. W. H.

The day lies dead beneath a cloudy pall;
The wind beside her mourns in mournful strain;
From the dusk fingers of the drowsy clouds
Drop slowly, one by one, the pearls of rain.

There is no living thing abroad on earth;
There are no stars, the clouds have quenched their light,
There is no sound except the wailing wind;
Thou, world without, art dark and drear to-night!

Yet not so dreary as mine inner world,
Beside my hearth, where bright forms sat of yore,
Sits a pale shadow, muttering with white lips,
"My name is Sorrow—we shall part no more!"

Who are the blest ones in this world of ours?
The silent dead in very truth are blest.
The marble portal, closed by Death's cold hand,
Shuts out all sorrow, and doth shut in rest.

Blest the distraught! To them come phantoms bright,
Lighting with alien torch the darkened brain.
Alas! alas! the melancholy thoughts
That follow, ceaseless as the drops of rain.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"FORGIVE me," she said. "I have been too hasty. Poor child! poor child! what is to be done?"

"I shall consult my lawyer."

"No, mine, mine."

"The unnatural conduct of Edward Berrington shall be explained, and his wife protected."

"You must leave me a few days for reflection," observed the lady. "If I have acted unjustly, thank heaven, it is not too late to repair it."

The next day symptoms of violent fever appeared, and many weeks were doomed to elapse before Dr. Bray dared venture to touch upon the subject again during which time important events were destined to take place.

* * * * *

The Right Hon. Edward Berrington's first visit after transacting his business at the Foreign Office, was to the detective in Hackle court. Mr. Paul Lynx received him in his usual quiet style. Nothing appeared to excite that very worthy member of society; he had seen too much to be astonished.

His visitor's first question was respecting the child.

"Quite well, and as like you as——"

"Pshaw," interrupted the diplomat impatiently. "I did not expect to hear the nurse's gabble from a man of the world, like yourself. Have any inquiries been made?"

"None."

"Not when you were at Wraycourt?"

"Not a single question asked," replied the detective, who had gone down every year, for change of air, and a few day's shooting. "The monument to—— you know who I mean, is finished. They have erected it against the column just facing your family pew. Strange, isn't it?"

Mr. Berrington rose from his seat, and paced the narrow limits of the little parlor for several minutes in moody silence.

"Speak upon that subject no more," he said at last.

"Well, it isn't a very pleasant one for either of us. I often dream of him. Do you?"

A ghastly expression disturbed the usually cold features of his visitor, and a nervous twitching appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"I intend to relieve of your charge."

"I shall be only too glad to get rid of him," replied Paul Lynx with indifference. "Neither Mrs. L. nor myself are very fond of children. They are an awful trouble."

This statement, which was anything but true, was not made without a motive. The fact was his wife was exceedingly fond of the boy. It would be difficult to induce her to part with him.

"Do you take him abroad?" he asked.

"No."

"Excuse me asking you the question."

"Paul Lynx," said Mr. Berrington, "the time has arrived when I must fully confide my project to you. I cannot carry it out without your assistance, which I am willing to pay for liberally; but I need not mention that, you have some experience of my mode of payment to those who serve me."

"Quite satisfactory, sir, and you of my fidelity."

"I have nothing to complain of. "The brat," continued the gentleman, speaking in a low voice, "as you are well aware, is no son of mine, but a living shame to me, the proof of my dishonor. If he lives he must inherit Wraycourt, and bear the name of Bouchier—his mother's name."

His hearer looked surprised. It was a piece of excellent acting, for he had made himself acquainted with all the conditions of the marriage settlement.

"Well, that is rather trying. Are there no means of preventing it?"

This was intended to sound the purpose of his visitor.

"None but by a crime," replied Edward Berrington, "and that my soul revolts from. Outraged as I have been in all that is sacred in a husband and a man. I would not harm a hair of his head for worlds."

"Very handsome, very handsome, indeed, of you," said Mr. Lynx, his mind greatly relieved by the assurance.

"Still I must be revenged."

"That is only natural."

"Revenged on the faithless woman who betrayed my honor; revenged on the spurious offspring she has imposed upon me."

"Have you thought of anything, sir?"

"I have."

"I need not say you may command my services."

"I rely upon them," said the unhappy man. "You must find me a fellow of reckless character who, for a certain consideration, will take the boy, pass him as his own, train him to every vice—mark me, vice, not crime, crime that the law can punish. When his principles are as infamous as his birth I will restore him to his mother. Her own offspring shall avenge me."

The detective had listened to many an evil project in his time, but never to one so truly diabolical, and could not repress his surprise.

"I perceive; it is his soul you would destroy.

"You hesitate," replied Mr. Berrington suspiciously.

"Well, sir," replied the confidant of his infamous design; "You cannot expect me to pitch upon the man you require at a moments notice. It must be a particular kind of person—not too bad, and yet bad enough."

"Exactly so," said his visitor, his confidence returning.

"And how many days will you give me to find him?"

"A week."

"Short notice; but with my knowledge it may suffice. And what is to be my recompense for the part I am to take in it?"

"Name it."

Mr. Lynx named a sum which, although extravagant, his client, as he termed him, at once consented to pay. There is nothing so costly as the gratification of our evil passions.

"It shall be done, sir. In a week I will have everything arranged. But would you not like to see the boy first? I wish you would; just to satisfy yourself I have done my duty by him."

An impatient negative was the reply to this not very sincere offer.

"At the time you name," said the gentleman, rising to depart. "Let there be no delay."

"None on my part."

Mr. Berrington took his leave, and that same evening dined at his club with a party of friends, who pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world.

The wines were excellent.

"It is a hard job he has set me. There will be an awful row with Mrs. L.," muttered the detective, as soon as he was alone; "and I don't half like the thing myself. But, then, the money! Feeling is feeling, but I can't afford to lose that."

The more he reflected, the greater appeared the difficulty of reconciling his wife to the transaction, and he began to consider whether some means might be hit upon to conceal it from her till it should be too late to interfere. A cunning smile gradually stole over his countenance.

The idea was coming

Amongst the numerous characters his professional experience had brought him in contact with a man named Parker, a training groom at Newmarket. In his youth he had been celebrated as a jockey, and might have done well, but from drunkenness and want of principal no reliance could be placed upon him. He would sell a race, yet shrunk from picking a pocket. Scarcely a move but he was up to, or had not practised when it could be done safely. Safety was his standard of morality.

Mr. Lynx wrote to him, and to ensure his coming up to town enclosed a five pound-note in the letter. Many would have thought this a risk, and so, perhaps, it would have been but for the hold he had upon him. Puck, the fellow was familiarly known by, would not venture to play tricks with him. The detective judged correctly, for the following day he received an answer.

"All rite guv'nor, I'll be with you."

On receiving it, Mr. Lynx wrote a long letter to his employer, to inform him of his success, and giving him the name of the party to whom he proposed to confide the boy, as had been agreed upon between them. Mr. Berrington read it carefully, and then destroyed it.

Amongst the acquaintances he was in the habit of metting at his club was a well-known sporting baronet, Sir Marmaduke Mowbray. To him he complained of the difficulty he was under of procuring a trustworthy groom to accompany him to Germany.

"Under that," said the baronet—"dull place, no racing. Had it been Paris—but Schwineberg! How do you contrive to exist there?"

"It is rather a quiet place," replied the diplomat. "but to return to the question. Can you recommend me a thoroughly honest groom?"

The gentleman laughed, and declared he should like to meet with such a treasure himself.

"It is very annoying I have received one application from a fellow at Newmarket, perhaps you may know him, he signs himself Ned Parker."

"Who?"

"Ned Parker, but does not offer any references."

"I should say not," replied Sir Marmaduke dryly, "unless to swindlers and defaulters. He is the greatest rascal unchanged. Take my advice and have nothing to do with him. He sold Metham in the Tam o' Shanter affair, he was a jockey then, and Levinton in the Oaks. There is not a greater villian upon the turf. Only ask——"

"Thank you, I will take your word for it," said Hon Edward Berrington. "I have no wish to run the risk of being plundered."

"No danger of that."

"He has some virtue then."

"If prudence is one," observed the baronet. "With all his dishonesty, the fellow has contrived to keep clear of the meshes of the law. He has not the pluck to act openly. He is a rogue in heart, and what is worse, a cur to the very backbone."

The diplomat inquired no further, and the conversation dropped. He had ascertained all he wished to know, the fitness of the instrument Mr Lynx had recommended, and he wrote to say that he was satisfied, and would be with him on the appointed day.

On calling at the office, he found the detective in conversation with a thin, rakish-looking man about thirty five, upon whose countenance dissipation and vice had left their unmistakable traces. In one corner of the room sat the child, slovenly dressed; he was playing with an orange.

Mr. Berrington shuddered as he glanced at him.

"Come here, my dear," said Lynx, "and speak to the gentleman."

"I won't, daddy."

"He always calls me daddy. Come here, I say."

The boy rose. Mr. Berrington waved him from him with an intense expression of disgust upon his strongly-marked features.

"Keep him from me," he muttered hoarsley; "keep him from me."

"Well, then, remain where you are, darling," said Mr. Lynx; "the gentleman will excuse you."

"Thank you, daddy."

"Is this the person you recommended me?" inquired Mr. Berrington.

Ned Parker made an attempt at a bow by pulling one of the uncombed locks that dangled over his forehead.

"Mr. Lynx has explained what I require of you?"

"Yes, sir. I'll take the kid; he seems a fearless one; make an excellent jockey, if he doesn't break his neck in the training. Teach him all I know."

"And you are up to a thing or two, Ned?" observed the detective.

"Well, yes; rayther."

"Of course, you understand that you are to treat the boy with kindness?"

"Like one of my own. Love-child, I suppose, sir?"

There was something in the haughty stare with which the question was received that silenced the man.

"You will receive the sum agreed upon through Mr. Lynx every three months," said the diplomat, whose name during the interview was never once mentioned.

"Quite satisfactory, sir."

"The first in advance."

"As agreed upon."

"Nothing remains, then, but for you to take your charge. Bring him up as you would your own son. It will be his own fault if he does not profit by the example."

Ned Parker received the boy from Mr. Lynx, and left the house, soothing and petting him till they reached the end of the court, and then he cuffed him soundly.

It was the child's first lesson from the trainer.

"Give me a glass of water," said Mr. Berrington in a faint tone.

His agent recommended a little brandy in it, seeing how pale he looked.

"No, water. Plain water."

The pecuniary part of Mr. Berrington's transaction was barely concluded, when Mrs. Lynx, flushed with passion, rushed into the office, and demanded of her husband what he had done with her boy—her darling.

"My dear, don't you see——"

"I'll see nothing I'll hear nothing," replied the infuriated woman. "I want my child."

Her husband pointed to his visitor.

"I have judged it necessary to place him in other hands," observed the gentleman haughtily, "and I presume you will not question my authority."

"I don't know that; I have no proof you are his father, and if you are, you can't love him as I do. Oh! Paul, Paul, why did you ever bring him to me if I am to lose him in this manner."

Mrs Lynx threw herself into a chair, and began rocking herself to and fro in a most extraordinary way, murmuring that he was the sweetest child, the most beautiful, &c., &c.

"I can respect your feelings, madam," said Mr. Berrington, "and am grateful for the kindness you have shown him. Let this convince you."

The hand of the distracted woman closed—involuntarily we suppose—upon the bank-note the speaker thrust into it.

"You will call upon me at my hotel," he added to Mr Lynx, "this evening, to receive my last instructions."

The detective promised, and was left alone with his better half, who for several minutes continued to exercise her voice and person in the chair.

"That'll do" said her husband at last.

"Is he gone?"

"Yes."

"Quite out of hearing?"

"Quite."

The distracted woman jumped up, burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and threw her arms around the neck of Mr. Lynx.

"Didn't I do it capitally?" she said.

"Pretty well for a first attempt. What has he given you?"

"That's my affair," replied the lady, putting the note into her pocket. "No nonsense, Paul; remember I am to have the silk dress you promised me."

"Well I suppose you must."

"Suppose," repeated his wife indignantly, "ain't I earn't it?"

Her husband confessed she had, and there the matter ended."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE surprise of Dr. Bray and the lawyer could only be equalled by the indignation of Miss Gurtha Bouchier, when informed of the iniquitous pretence under which Mrs. Berrington had been sequestered from her friends by her very clever sister in-law.

"Insane!" repeated the aged spinster. "Scandalous! The only sign of madness the poor child ever betrayed was in bestowing her hand upon a cold blooded *parvenu*. I cannot comprehend the nature of their conduct. A mere mercenary interest cannot explain it. The sister would never have dared to take so extraordinary a step unless well assured of her brother's sanction. There is some terrible mystery to be fathomed. Would I were twenty years younger, or, what would be better still," she added, after a pause, "that her father were still living to protect her."

"Did you see the certificate?" enquired Mr. Quarl.

"I did."

"And it appeared quite regular?"

"Quite," replied the doctor. "Two of the first medical authorities in Schwineberg, professors of the university, had signed it."

"Germans," interrupted the lady contemptuously; "ignorant, no doubt, and easily imposed upon, or, what is worse, bribed."

"Ignorance is the last thing I suspect them of."

"Why, you do not believe," interrupted Miss Bouchier, greatly excited, "that poor Clara is really out of her senses?"

"Certainly not."

This assurance somewhat calmed the irritation of the spinster, who observed that if it were merely a question of money, paying for opinions, she would consult the first physician in Europe.

Mr. Percy Murray was announced, and to him the speakers eagerly appealed.

"I can do nothing," he exclaimed, "absolutely nothing. In four and twenty hours my authority as British minister expires. Mr. Berrington returns to-morrow."

"The monster!"

The diplomat shrugged his shoulders.

"You do not believe this absurd pretense of insanity," observed the lawyer.

"Of course I do not," replied the gentleman, "but my conviction that it is a mere pretense will not help the lady to recover her liberty. Her husband and sister-in law are exceedingly clever persons, the last especially, and possess powerful influence at Schwineberg. As I cannot defeat them," he added, speaking very slowly, "I shall side with them."

Dr Bray and Mr. Quarl regarded him earnestly.

"Infamous?" ejaculated Miss Gurtha Bouchier, with a burst of womanly indignation. "I did not expect this from you. What! side with the strong against the weak merely because they are strong! Is there no manhood, no chivalry left in the world?"

"Very little, I fear," observed the diplomat with a smile.

"I am disgusted with it," continued the lady. "Talk of the progress of the age!

the advancement of humanity! I don't believe a word of it. Cruelty and injustice are just as powerful as ever."

"I fear so."

"In my young days the perpetrators of such acts were scouted from society; now they are tolerated. Tolerated, did I say? Worse, they are justified and courted."

"My dear madam," said Percy Murray, speaking in his usual calm polished tone, "you are unreasonable. I admit it is your privilege to be so. You are a lady."

The high spirited old maid looked fearfully indignant.

"A short conversation will enable us to understand each other."

"Never, sir, never!"

"What would you say of a general who, in modern warfare went out to battle armed with the cumbrous weapons of the Middle ages?"

"Say that he was a fool."

"And justly so," observed the gentleman. "Plain speaking, scorn, and indignation were the arms of a chivalrous but semi-barbarous age. All very well in those days, no doubt, but now we fight with those of modern times."

"I comprehend you," exclaimed the lawyer.

"Ah! I thought you would."

"Unable, in consequence of the return of Mr. Berrington, to assist us as you wish to do, it is your intention to remain neuter?"

"Not quite neuter," replied Percy Murray with a smile.

"Side with our enemy?" cried Miss Bouchier indignantly.

The gentleman bowed.

"I thought so."

"But only in appearance," added Dr. Bray.

"Only in appearance," repeated the diplomat. "Schwineberg is an agreeable residence, and as I am superseded in my post of secretary of legation, will suit my diminished income."

"Superseded!" exclaimed Quarl.

"With a pension of course," said the former speaker. "Not even Berrington's influence at the Foreign Office could deprive me of that."

The look of settled hatred that accompanied the words convinced his hearers how deeply he felt the supposed wrong—how bitterly he resented it.

"Having decided on remaining here," continued Mr. Murray, "it would not do to provoke the hostility, or alarm the fears of the English representative. I shall have plenty of time upon my hands. It will be an amusement to watch his proceedings and those of his clever sister, and where I can to thwart them. But he I before observed, they have a powerful ally."

"Is the grand duke?"

"No. In the Countess Schlammermacher."

"Infamous!" said the aged spinster. "I will request my old friend Nugent, the Austrian Minister, to present me to the duchess."

"Time thrown away," observed the diplomat.

"At least I can open her eyes to the infamy of the creature who usurps her place and influence in the court."

"Do you imagine they are closed to it?" demanded Percy Murray ironically. "Times are indeed changed if a lady of your experience can be blinded. Believe me that her highness is perfectly aware of the position of her husband's adopted sister."

"And has not the spirit to resent it?"

"Say, rather, she has too much prudence," replied the gentleman. "Take my word for it, the grand duchess is not the simple nonentity she appears. But I must say no more upon that subject. Having told you how deeply Berrington has injured me, I leave you to divine my feelings towards him. If we are to act together," he added emphatically, "you must trust me."

"I feel we must," observed the doctor.

"And may we?" demanded the aged lady.

"Implicitly, despite appearances, and even acts."

"It is our only hope," said the lawyer, with a sigh. "The first step on our return to England must be to apply to the chancellor for a commission to be sent out to inquire into the sanity of Mrs. Berrington."

"You'd better first present the petition to the crown," suggested Mr. Percy Murray. "As a matter of course it will be referred to the Lords."

Mr. Quarl nodded approval.

"Once before the House it will then be time enough to move the chancellor."

"Oh world! world!" ejaculated Miss Bouchier.

"Do not abuse the world, my dear madam," said Dr. Bray; "it is exactly what we ourselves make it. The advice which our friend has given is good—in fact, the only practicable line to follow.

Before taking his leave it was arranged that the lady should write to Mr. Murray officially soliciting his interference to obtain an interview with her relative. She was given to understand beforehand that his answer would be a refusal.

Great was the surprise of the Hon. Edward Berrington when his sister informed him of what had taken place during his absence. On hearing that Dr. Bray and Mr. Quarl were at Schwineberg, he turned pale.

Conscience whispered another cause for their visit than the desire of seeing his wife. He had not forgotten the half expressed suspicions of the lawyer, and foresaw the danger that threatened should he discover Paul Lynx had been the companion of his journey.

His terror would have increased had he been aware that Mr. Quarl already knew that the detective and the landscape gardener were the same person.

"You have taken a bold step," he said musingly.

"Do you disapprove of it?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Her brother made no reply, but continued to reflect.

"You can undo what I have done," continued the lady; "restore to her liberty, to unrestrained intercourse with her friends—with your enemies" she added maliciously.

"No, no."

Elizabeth Berrington smiled.

"Not whilst they remain in Schwineberg. Still it was a bold step."

"Edward," said his sister, "There is no longer perfect confidence between us. You are changed—not in affection, perhaps, but in the trust you once reposed in me. I know how fearfully Clara has wronged you, how deeply you suffered from the wrong, but how you have avenged it I am yet to learn."

The guilty man trembled like an aspen leaf.

"I cannot believe," she added, "that the infant has paid the penalty of its mother's crime."

A sigh of intense relief escaped the heart of the assassin when he found how completely the suspicions of the speaker were astray.

"The boy is safe and well," he muttered.

"I trust so for your sake, and believe me so since you assert it. I had many reasons to suspect that Clara doubts his death; and when Dr. Bray and Miss Bouchier came, accompanied by that meddling lawyer, felt the visit boded you no good. If I have acted imprudently you have only your own want of confidence to thank for it."

"Let us change the subject," said her brother gloomily. "In three days the successor of Murray will arrive at Schwineberg."

This was satisfactory intelligence to the lady, whose pride the ex secretary of legation had offended.

"How has Murray conducted himself?" he added.

"With his usual ridiculous vanity and insolence," replied Elizabeth Berrington. "Made the most of his few days' dignity; caused himself to be everywhere announced as his excellency the British minister; kept the key of the letter bag."

"Trifles," interrupted the diplomat impatiently—"trifles."

"Visited Miss Bouchier at her hotel."

"You should have told me that before."

With a woman's curiosity his sister insisted on being informed of the name age, and family of the successor of Percy Murray.

"Charles Hurburt."

"I thought you told me that——"

"I did," interrupted her brother; "but the minister has changed his mind and sent his nephew. Another disappointment. Better have retained Murray. His successor, confident of support at the Foreign Office, will care little for my wishes.

"Is he young?"

"About five and twenty."

"A mere boy, Edward—a mere boy," exclaimed the lady. "We shall be able to mould him as we will. I pledge my word that before six months have passed he shall see only with our eyes, hear only with our ears. You have lost nerve—I had almost said courage."

At an early hour the morning after his return to Schwineberg, the Hon. Edward Berrington sought the chamber of the detective with the intention of impressing upon his mind the necessity of keeping to the house till Miss Gurtha Bouchier and her companions had departed. To his no small annoyance he found that Paul Lynx, faithful to his habits had already gone forth to explore the town.

With a curse at his imprudence his employer followed him.

Mr. Quarl was also an early riser. For years he had been accustomed, when anything complicated or very serious in his profession required his attention, to walk before breakfast in the inclosure of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and meditate over the difficulty; and thus it was that the lawyer and the detective met in the garden of the Schloss.

They recognised each other instantly.

"Lynx!" exclaimed the gentleman, in a tone of unaffected surprise; "who the deuce would have thought of meeting you in Germany."

Mr. Paul Lynx devoutly wished they had met anywhere else.

"On business, I suppose?"

"You may rely upon it, it is not pleasure that brings me here," answered the man in a discontented tone. "Wretched country! Sour wine; beds it would puzzle an acrobat to sleep in. I am disgusted with the place.

"Why not return to London?" demanded the lawyer.

Lynx shook his head.

"Too well paid, I suppose?"

"Not too well."

"Those who require the services of a clever, active, discreet person like yourself," said Mr. Quarl, walking towards a seat backed with shrubs, which screened it from the walk running parallel with the one in which they had met, "ought to be liberal—very liberal."

"They ought, indeed, sir."

"I should if I required your assistance."

"I wish you did."

"I might have done," replied the lawyer, "but unfortunately, the affair which brought me to Schwineberg is at an end. The lady I came to serve has been pronounced insane."

"Oh, Mrs. Berrington."

"You know her name, I perceive."

The detective muttered something about having been employed in the neighborhood where she resided.

"Professionally?"

"Of course, sir."

"Ah! I thought it might have been as a landscape gardener," observed Mr. Quarl carelessly, "for I am aware you follow more than one profession."

Mr. Paul Lynx began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"You were at Wraycourt in that capacity," exclaimed the gentleman. "You need not trouble yourself to deny it, I am certain of the fact."

"I have no occasion to deny it."

"I hope not. It was a singular taste of Mr. Berrington to employ you for such a purpose. Has he an estate to lay out or improve here?"

"Mr. Quarl!"

"You need not answer the question," observed the lawyer; "I am not curious. By the-bye, I think you were at Wraycourt about the time of Sir Ernest Alston's death? It was a very shocking affair—dreadful accident. I read an account of it in the papers," he continued, pretending not to notice the look of terror and blanched cheeks of Lynx. "Did you see the body of the unfortunate gentleman?"

"I helped to raise it from the chalk pit."

"Ah! you have a great nerve, Mr. Lynx—very great nerve."

"I have need of it in my profession," observed the detective.

"Of course you have, Mr. Lynx. It is a dangerous one. So many hazards and *temptations*, but I must return to my client."

"You have asked me a great many questions, Mr. Quarl," observed the man, taking a seat beside him. "May I put one or two to you?"

"A dozen, if you like."

"The name of your client?"

"Shan't tell you."

The refusal only confirmed the suspicions of the detective, and increased his uneasiness.

"It does not signify," he said; "I know it."

"Indeed!"

"Lady Alston."

It was the turn of lawyer to feel surprised. He had given the speaker credit for far greater tact; but it is the fate of most criminals to let fall some clue. The mind sinks beneath the fatigue of being ever upon its guard.

"You are not the only clever person in the world," added Paul Lynx in a tone of triumph, for he totally mistook the effect of his words. "Good morning, sir."

"Stay," said the gentleman. "I require a few moments to reflect."

"Reflect! On what?"

"Be patient, and you shall know. Paul Lynx," he said, after a silence of several minutes, "what reputation do I bear in the world as a man and a gentleman?"

"Impossible to be better."

"As a lawyer?"

"Keen, clever, and persevering," replied the detective, secretly wondering to what point the conversation was about to lead. "Where you take a case in hand I would not give much chance for your opponent; and were I myself in trouble, which, thank Heaven, I am not——"

"Well, well, never mind that now," interrupted his hearer quietly.

"You are the first man in the profession I should like to have on my side, and the last one against me."

"Good. I will speak to you as a gentleman. Lady Alston is not my client at present. How soon she may become so is quite another question. I think it not unlikely that she will, for there are dark, very dark rumors afloat. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

"And believe me?"

"Yes."

"The client," continued the lawyer, "whom I accompanied to England is one of the wealthiest commoners we have, but I need not tell you that, since, during your residence at Wraycourt, you must have heard the name of Miss Gurtha Bouchier."

"Frequently, sir."

"Mrs. Berrington is her nearest relative, and she came to Schwineberg with the intention of being reconciled to her, and making her her heiress. How far this insanity may interfere with her intention I cannot presume to decide. Miss Bouchier has a strong feeling of dislike to her husband."

"But Mrs. Berrington has a son."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Reports say that he is dead."

The detective smiled incredulously.

"I would give much to know where he is."

"Mr. Quarl," said the detective, speaking very deliberately, "I think it is possible we may come to an understanding, but like yourself I require time for reflection. Will you meet me here to-morrow morning at the same hour?"

"I will."

"By that time I will have made up my mind. I am not certain that I can be of use to you, still it is possible; but I should require one solemn pledge from you."

"Money?"

"No, no, no."

"What then?"

"A promise that you will not undertake any case Lady Alston may wish to employ you in without first consulting me."

Mr Quarl hesitated.

"Accept or reject the condition as you please."

"I accept," said the lawyer, with a sigh. "After all," he mentally added, "If crime has been committed, of which I have yet no proof, I am not bound to bring the perpetrators to justice."

"I will meet you to-morrow then," said the detective. "Be punctual, for I shall have much to say to you."

The speakers separated, each taking a different direction.

They had been out of sight for several minutes—in fact, had sufficient time to reach the gates of the palace garden, when the shrubs at the back of the seat they had occupied were pushed aside, and the Hon. Edward Berrington staggered into the walk.

Although greatly agitated, he had sufficient presence of mind to look around him to see if he had been watched. Having ascertained that no one was near, he threw himself upon the bench with the air of a man thoroughly exhausted by emotion.

"The net is gathering round me," he murmured. "Fool that I was to imagine gold could purchase fidelity. This cowardly villian is alarmed, and will sell me to the wily lawyer to purchase his own safety. To what has my ill assorted marriage led? Misery and shame. And she—the woman who vowed to honor and obey me—she the cause. Would she had died instead of——"

He shuddered. The wretched man could not pronounce the name of his victim.

"Lynx and the lawyer must not meet again," he resumed after a pause; "but how—how to prevent it? I have not Elizabeth's promptitude in action. Shall I consult her? No, no; she would shrink from me with horror. What a thing is life! For years I lived honored, and respected, a few moments of passion, and the fair prospect became blasted. Can nothing efface the stain—cancel the rash impulse of the maddened, over wrought brain? Is there no atonement?"

Conscience whispered to him there was none.

"There may be safety," he thought. The unprincipled agent his sister had invoked to procure the sequestration of the wife was powerful enough to shield the husband, and he determined to see the Countess Schlammermacher that very day. In fact, he had no time to lose, for the court was to depart to the Alte Schloss on the morrow, and the meeting he so much dreaded was to take place in the morning.

The longer he reflected upon this decision, the more he approved it, for circumstances had given him a strong hold upon the adopted sister of his most serene highness the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse Schwineberg.

The nature of that influence will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAITHFUL to the traditions of England's meddling where she has no possible concern, the Foreign Office took an immense interest in the domestic politics of Hesse Schwineberg. Whatever the cause the Hon. Edward Berrington had received instructions how to act in the event of certain contingencies.

One of these contingencies was the death of the reigning grand duke, an event by no means improbable from his beer-drinking propensity and excessive indulgence of the table. The hereditary prince being still a mere child, a regent would have to be appointed. Custom and the usages of the princely house of Germany pointed to Prince Karl, the brother of the sovereign. The choice lay between him and the grand

duchess; the option rested with the sovereign.

There was one person in Schwineberg to whom the selection was a peculiar embarrassment—the Countess von Schlammermacher. Prince Karl had long been her open enemy. Had his highness been less closely related to the royal house, she would have crushed him; not being able to crush him, the adopted sister rendered the court so exceedingly unpleasant that only on very rare occasions did he present himself.

Had it depended upon her will alone, the meek simple-minded grand duchess would have been named; but the opinion of the English minister balanced her influence. Duke Ernest felt flattered that a powerful country should take such an interest in the affairs of the duchy, and determined to take no step without first consulting him.

Having thus given the key to the position, what follows will, we doubt not, be perfectly intelligible to our readers.

A fit of illness had confined Duke Ernest to his chamber for several days. The moment appeared propitious, and under pretense of inquiring after his highness's health Mr. Berrington paid a visit to the palace, and congratulated himself when the chamberlian informed him he could not be received.

From the apartments of the prince he hastened to those of the duchess, and the same reply.

"Good," thought the minister; "they are favorably prepared for my purpose. Fortune plays into my hand; nothing could have occurred better."

On asking for the countess he was at once admitted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How He was Saved.

BY F. L. P.

IF there's anything to rival the secret of perpetual motion it's a woman's tongue," said Joseph Dover.

He was a handsome, good-humored stalwart young fellow.

When Maria Mix had first known him, she had thought him a very Apollo of stately beauty; nor had she been far wrong.

But the dulling influence of matrimony had somehow worn off the edge of her romantic thoughts and fancies during the three years of their wedded life.

Joseph was good and kind, but he had his faults and one of them was a too great fondness for conviviality.

"A man can't break off suddenly from his old habits," said Joseph.

"Why not," questioned Maria, "if they are bad ones?"

"There's fellows enough always ready to say that you're tied to your wife's apron strings," said Dover.

"What if they do say it?" flashed back the young wife. "Better be tied to a woman's apron strings than to a habit that is going to lead you to ruin."

"Come, come, Maria, ain't that putting it pretty strong?" retorted the good humored young engineer. "Because a man likes a social glass once in a while, does it necessarily follow that he is a drunkard?"

"Joseph," pleaded Maria, with her pretty eyes full of tears, "you told me once that you loved me."

"So I do, sweetheart."

"Then won't you do this much for me; give up the 'Three Black Bears,' and all that belongs to it? Because, Joseph, I don't think you know how habitually you go there."

"That's nonsense," said Dover. "A woman's whim. I'll do anything in reason to please you, Maria, but I can't give up my own free will and volition."

Maria had been forced to yield, in this especial instance, but as the months rolled by, and she saw the bad habit weaving its spell closer and closer round her husband's life, she grew fretful and complaining.

"You don't love me any more," said Maria, bitterly, one day.

"I love you well enough, when you are not scolding," retorted the young engineer, tartly.

"Then you shouldn't give me cause to scold. Weren't you tipsy last week."

"Not tipsy, Maria. Only a little overcome, that was all," acknowledged Joseph Dover.

"Oh," cried Maria, clasping her hands together "that I should have to say such things of you. You, that I had taught myself to believe so perfect."

"Pshaw, Maria," said Dover, a little discomfited, in spite of himself; "everybody does it."

"Everybody!" repeated the wife, bitterly; "what would you think of me, if I were to come staggering home at two o'clock in the morning, or even if I were to stalk up to the bar of the 'Three Black Bears,' like poor Nance Walker, and ask for a glass of liquor?"

"I shouldn't care," he replied.

"Wouldn't you? But I think you would. Do you know, Joseph, I've pretty much made up my mind to shame you out of this thing, if I can't argue you out of it," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply to take to drink myself. If it's such a comfort to you, why shouldn't it be to me?"

"There's the children," suggested Dover.

"They are as much your children as mine."

"Yes; but you're a woman."

"And as such weaker and less self-reliant, according to the popular idea, than are men."

Dover laughed.

Evidently he considered his wife's words an excellent joke.

"I should like to see you try it," said he.

"Then you shall!" said Maria, with flashing eyes.

And Joseph Dover, going out to his daily work forgot all about the little spirited domestic discussion which had just transpired.

Not so with Maria.

That evening, Joseph Dover stopped, as usual, at the attractive little hostelry known as the 'Three Black Bears,' which lay about half way between the factory where he managed the steam-power, and his own home.

"Just for a glass," he said to himself. "And, besides, Maria may as well find out first as last that I do not propose to be henpecked by her in this matter or any other."

So, against the mute counsellings of his better nature, he opened the door and walked up to the bar.

The stout, carmine-cheeked little landlord looked curiously at him as he decanted the glass of whisky, and reached over for the powdered sugar, and one or two of the habitual loungers in the bar whispered behind their hands and looked first at the engineer and then at one another.

"I think he ought to be told," said John Jefferson. "He ought to know."

"Pshaw," said old Billy Newton. "Most likely he knows it already."

Joseph Dover set down his half-drained glass and looked quickly around.

"Eh?" said he; "what are you fellows whispering about? Is there any news? Anything up?"

"Nothing very special," said John Jefferson; "except that your wife was here just now."

"My wife?"

Dover's brow grew black as night.

"Inquiring after me?"

"Well, no; not exactly. Asked for a glass of hot rum, and drank it down like old Billy there might ha' done. I couldn't believed it was her, if I hadn't knowed the striped shawl and the green gown."

Dover bit his lip.

"A mere piece of bravado," he thought, and uttered aloud—

"Well, I hope she enjoyed it—ha, ha, ha!"

Just then the door opened and two or three women entered, the landlord's wife coming last.

"Do you know, Silas," she said, breathlessly, to her husband, before she fairly perceived who was in the bar, "Mrs. Dover is lying in the snow, tipsy? I never saw anything so disgraceful in all my life."

"Hush!"

Silas Dawney made a back handed motion toward the engineer.

But it was too late to restrain the current of his wife's words.

"Do you mean it, Mrs. Dawney?" cried out Dover, suddenly facing her.

"I saw it myself," said Mrs. Dawney, coloring deeply. "So we came home as fast as we could to send help there before she freezes to death. But, since you're here, you can attend to it yourself."

Dover, however, had scarcely waited to hear the last of the good dame's words before he dashed out of the bar, not even pausing to pay his reckoning.

Shame!—oh, shame indeed—the bitterest cup of mortification that ever had been held to Dover's lips!

Was he altogether blameless? And was it possible that she had suffered as he was suffering now?

All these reflections passed swiftly and incoherently through his brain as he strode along in the starlight.

It was necessary that he should pass his own home, and opposite the doorway he paused for a second.

"The children—the poor little neglected children!" he thought. "I must go in to see that they are not suffering or in danger, before——"

He turned the handle of the door and entered, with a score of nameless fears rising up in his heart.

The fire was burning brightly upon the hearth, the round table neatly draped with a white cloth, was spread for the evening meal; the children were building blocks in their especial corner of the room, and at her work, by the shaded lamp, sat Maria herself, in her spotlessly neat dress, with the light softly reflected in her luxuriant brown hair.

She looked up with a smile.

"Home so soon, Joseph? Why, whatever is the matter?" she cried.

For his look of blank surprise, mingled with boundless relief, struck her with amazement; and taken her unguardedly like this, he could but tell her all.

"It's poor old Nance," cried Maria. "I gave her the dress and shawl this morning. She came begging to the door, half clad in thin rags and nearly frozen. And they thought it was I. You, too, believed it, Joseph. As if I could possibly degrade myself to such a level as that!"

"And by God's help, I'll never degrade myself to that level again, either," said Joseph Dover, with a lump rising up in his throat.

It was not exactly a temperance pledge, but it was as good; for once his word was given, Joseph Dover kept it.

Poor old Nance Walker was found frozen to death in the snowy starlight, with Mrs. Dover's shawl and dress on, and she was buried without a mourner, or a tear to fall on her solitary grave.

But even her unbemoaned death was not without its good effect; it served to complete Joseph Dover a reform.

"Who knows?" he said to himself; "it might have been me."

In a recent magazine article, an eminent American physician impeaches the validity of miracles, and explicitly denies the existence anywhere in the universe of any such thing as a supernatural power. He aims his attack mainly at the alleged miraculous cures which have attended the use of water from the famous spring of "Our Lady of Lourdes;" though he includes in his assault all similar phenomena, ancient or modern, from the wonders wrought by Our Lord and His disciples to the "faith cures" now being effected in Massachusetts. He states that he has seen in his own practice instantaneous cures in cases where he has imposed upon his patients by substituting Croton water for the water of Lourdes; and he argues from this that the one has no more efficacy than the other, and that therefore there is nothing miraculous about the cures. But such efficacy in the agent used is not what is avowed in the doctrine of miracles. It is expressly claimed by the defenders of the validity of miracles that there is nothing whatever of a causative or effectual nature in the vehicle employed, the words repeated or the thing done as an act of faith. It is the faith itself that brings about the result, if it is brought about at all. He admits the fact of the cures, and concedes that they were not accomplished by medicines or other ordinary means.

THE BALLET DANCER.—In spite of her seeming scantiness of clothing a ballet dancer does not suffer from cold. Under her silk or cotton hosiery every ballet dancer without exception wears padding. The padded tights are heelless. A strap of the stockinet of which they are woven extends under the hollow of the foot. The webbing is finely ribbed around the ankle, and not padded below the swell of the calf, or where the calf ought to swell. The padding is of fine lamb's wool fleece knitted, with the fleece thrown up like plush on the under side into the web, which is of cotton, strong and not too elastic. There is no padding around the knee. The thighs are well padded. These padded goods are generally made to order. An illusion is that of the ballet dancer's walking or standing on the tips of her toes. She can always easily perform that feat with a little practice, in a pair of padded Italian ballet dancer's slippers. The sole is of a single thickness of buff leather. It is shorter than the foot by the length of the toes. The toe is supplemented, however, by a stiff leather or cork padding hollowed out, into which the great toe fits, and is thus supported underneath as well as above, so that there is little or no strain on the tendons of the instep and ankle. These ballet slippers all come from Italy.

LA TARANTELLA.—The spider, from which the Neapolitan dance, Tarantella, derives its name, is of a somewhat elongated shape, with rather long legs. Its bite was formerly supposed by every Italian to cause the disease called Tarantism. Tarantism may be defined as a leaping or dancing mania. The gesticulations, contortions, and cries of the victim somewhat resembled those observed in St. Vitus' dance. But the affection differed from St. Vitus' dance in the elegance of the movements of the victims, in their partiality for red colors, bright and luminous surfaces, and their passion for music. It was found that the restoration of the sufferers depended mainly upon the use of vocal and instrumental music, hence arose the necessity of composing a class of tunes, songs and dances which were called Tarantella, to be employed in the cure of Tarantati. The Tarantella was written in triplets, and was very rapid. The figures observed in the dance describe as near as may be the shape of the much dreaded spider. Though in many country districts its wonder-working power is no longer relied on, yet the peasantry still indulge in all the wild contortions and gesticulations of their ancestors.

All good employment for the mind

Scientific and Useful.

THE VINE.—A leading foreign scientist attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very sensible diminution of intermittents. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

FOR THE TOILET.—To make one's flesh soft and white, use the following preparation: Fine pale honey, 4 ounces; spermaceti, 2 ounces; oil of almonds, half a pint. Melt these together with a gentle heat, then add 3 ounces of glycerine and one-half ounce of balsam of Peru. Stir till cold. Being much used by ladies, it is also good for "chaps."

LIGHT FOR MINES.—A suggestion has been made to light mines by means of an endless band covered with the new luminous paint. This band would pass from the top to the bottom of the shaft, and every part of it would in turn be submitted to daylight, which it would absorb and carry down to the depths of the mine. The proposal is ingenious.

NEW GAS-LAMP.—A Vienna scientist has invented a new form of gas-lamp, in which the products of combustion are made to heat the air subsequently supplied to the burner. The ultimate products are said to be free from all vitiating properties, and the light given to be double or triple that of the best existing burners.

UNDERGROUND WIRES.—Although some of the underground telegraph wires in Germany have been in use for five years, they have cost nothing for maintenance and are not likely to need any repairs for years to come. There are now 8,000 miles of such wire employed. The plan adopted consists in inclosing seven or more separately insulated conductors with a coil of moist hemp, surrounded by a complete sheath of iron wire, which again is covered with a layer of hemp yarn impregnated with a protecting compound. The cables are wound upon drums at the sheathing works, and, after being subjected to careful electrical tests, are paid into trenches three feet deep and covered up.

SUPPRESSING THE MOSQUITO.—A French professor gives some hints for abating the mosquito pest which is sure to come with the advent of sunny days. First, he says, mosquitoes require water for the deposit of their eggs and the rearing of their larvæ or wriggletails. Therefore, all cisterns should be made close and covered with close woven brass wire netting to prevent their laying in them. No oil tubs, barrels, or receptacles of water ought to be permitted, and no stagnant pools left undrained within a mile of any dwelling. Then they can be killed by the cheapest and most abundant of all alkalies, common lime. Therefore this ought to be poured into every cesspool and spring. A pound of strong lime to every 100 gallons of stagnant water is sufficient. But even a pound to 1,000 gallons of a cistern of drinking water will kill them, although it will probably give the water an unpleasant flavor, and make it too "hard" for most domestic uses.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—Keep files as clean as possible; just as you keep other tools well sharpened. To make paint dry rapidly use a large amount of Japan varnish in mixing. Powdered chalk added to glue in small quantities makes it hold the stronger.

DECORATED FLOWER POTS.—Common garden flower-pots can be made ornamental by giving them a coat of paint and then painting on them landscapes, flowers, or figures. Cheap wooden wardrobes and other articles of furniture can be improved by painting them black and ornamenting the panels with flowers rather larger than life. Strokes and bulrushes, sunflowers, lilies, large daisies, and poppies, all look well.

MILK FOR FATTENING FOWLS.—To enable one to fatten fowls and chicks quickly, it is absolutely necessary to give such food as will accomplish the purpose best, and to this end we unhesitatingly recommend plenty of milk, in any state, from fresh to thick. This should be fed in connection with a grain diet, for one counteracts any possible deleterious influence of the other. If kept in a darkened place, and fed unsparingly on milk, with grain food in the proper proportions, you will soon have something very choice to set upon your tables for your friends, as well as for your family. When milk is fed, no water is required for fattening fowls.

KEEPING EGGS.—A lady writing to an exchange says: I have found little or no trouble in keeping eggs so fresh that when used they are as good as the day they were taken from the nest. The whole secret lies just here, namely, when they are collected in the evenings they should be placed in an upright position, the small end downward, on shelves with holes made to receive them, because in this position the yolk does not come in contact with the albumen, the yolk, as it were, being suspended in the centre of the albumen; if otherwise placed—that is, on the sides—the yolk would then come in contact with the shell and naturally spoil, every egg being porous. I then melt together tallow and mutton fat, then take wing feathers of the fowl and grease them in the same position as at first, and keep them in a dry and dark place. By this method you can at any time sell to the grocers or private family, fresh eggs, as they do not lose their flavor.

WATERING PLANTS.—Use water of about the same temperature as the room they are growing in. Even if anybody tells you that you can grow them better or bloom them quicker by setting their pots in saucers filled with hot water, do not practice any such nonsense. In applying water do not pour it on in the middle of the pot, just at the base of the stem, but near the side of the pot instead, and as far from the stem as you can. The stream may be as large as you please, provided you pour out gently. Always use soft water if you can. Washing the leaves so as to remove dust, dirt, and insects will promote health—therefore do it often. Use a sponge, clean water, and a little soap, and as you finish washing each plant shower it with clear water. In washing plants lay them on their sides, so as to keep the dirt and insects out of the pots and the water from saturating the soil. If there should be a crust of honeydew, or "black stuff" on the leaves or stems, do not scrub it off, but rather keep those leaves and stems thoroughly wetted for three or five hours, then wipe off with your sponge; in this way, stubborn cases yield easily.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"Lady Hutton's Ward."—Chapter XXVII Continued, and Chapters XXVIII, XXIP and XXX.

"The Lost Wife."—Chapter XXV Continued, and Chapters XXVI and XXVII.

"Lady Maschere."—Chapter XXXVIII Continued, and Chapters XXXIX and XL.

Snow Storms.

Ladies' Department—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.

New Publications.

The World of Humor.

Bric-a-Brac.

Scientific and Useful.

Farm and Garden.

Perseverance.

Grains of Gold.

Editorials. Sanctum Chat.

Answers to Inquiries.

News Items, Miscellany and Poetry.

FIRST WORKERS.

BEAVERS were the first dam-builders, cutting down trees, floating down the stream, adjusting them to their place, filling in the crevices and curving the line of the dam, so that it might most effectually resist the pressure of the current. Moles were the first tunnel-makers, anticipating St. Gothard and Mont Cenis perforations, and all without dynamite or steam. Ants were the first architects and masons; laying out villages, compounding building material of sand and mud, erecting pillars, spanning them with arches, thatching the roof with straw, opening streets, throwing up barricades, bridges, walls, and doing most of the work in total darkness. Bees built the first warehouses, and thus far stand unrivalled in combining the greatest amount of strength with the greatest economy of space. They deserve to hold the most honorable place, both as geometricians and as patterns of industry. It is to be deeply regretted they are not perfect in their morals, and are inclined to get drunk whenever they have the opportunity. Hornets were the first paper makers, and produced about as fine an article as is manufactured in some of our mills at the present day, although it might need a little bleaching before it could be put upon the market to advantage. The spider and the silkworm were the first spinners, and, with all our machinery, have never been able to come near them in the thread-making line. The birds were the first weavers, and considering what they had to work with, some of their performances compare favorably with the best products of our modern looms, and at any rate would wear better. There is one class of birds who are very respectable tailors, and did their own sewing and stitching ages before needles were invented or the sewing machine was thought of.

SANCTUM CHAT

At the skating ground at a London park the other day, some one had tied to several of the trees that overhung the pond a card with the following notice: "Please give us your crumbs. Yours, sincerely, The Little Birds."

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An English authority says that reform is much needed in the American railway system as respects safety, speed, and punctuality. Straightening the lines and building them better, he thinks, would yield the desirable results.

—

The Oregon system of liquor licenses is being urged for trial in Boston. Under it the buyer, not the seller, is obliged to procure a license. Objection is made to the plan, on account of the great number of licenses that would have to be issued and looked after, while friends of the measure think it would debar from the saloons many chronic drinkers who have not the money and respectability to secure a license.

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An eminent English writer says: The revival of hatred toward the Jews in Germany, however artificial in its origin, has brought on a genuine epidemic of the mediæval madness which reddened every European river with Jewish blood. As all animals artificially bred always tend to return to their original type, and must occasionally do so, so do nations. This agitation is a recurrence to the old German barbarism.

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The latest form of swindling is that of a sharper who endeavors to swindle people with a knife trick. Lately he approached a farmer, opened all the blades, flourishing them before the old man's eyes, shuts them and then offered to bet him a dollar he could not open a blade. The farmer wisely walked off, knowing that he could not beat a thief at his own game. The knife has a secret spring inside the handle, which clamps down the blades.

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The National House Committee on Epidemic Diseases, makes a report in which a fearful state of things is set forth. Sugar and syrups are adulterated with tin and other poisons; vinegar is poisoned with sulphuric acid and copper and lead; even tin cooking dishes are highly dangerous; terra alba is an almost universal adulterant; baking powders contain alum; clothing is colored with poisonous dyes, and enormous quantities of diseased meat are sold. Again the wonder grows that the human stomach ever reaches maturity.

—

The Golden Rule pleads for a less frequent use of the word "No." "It has often seemed to us that a little of this reserve in the use of the word 'No' would prove a benefit in many families. The veto power is greatly overworked in family government. Needless denials are almost as bad as harmful compliances. In some homes there is such a running fire of 'Noes' in answer alike to the prattling pleas of babyhood, and the earnest and often reasonable requests of youth, that we might think the chief office of parenthood is to deny its children. The habit springs from the perplexities of family government, and needless denials, come to be the rule in the household, largely because it is the quickest and easiest way to settle matters. Let not parents be too sure of this. Nothing, according to our observation, has such a tendency to weaken just parental authority as an indiscriminate, and, therefore, often unjust, use of the veto power. The difference between yes and no is often the difference between happiness and wretchedness, just as truly in the case of children as that of their elders. And without relaxing in the least any needed restraint, or giving way the innocent inch that leads to the disastrous ell, we are sure there may wisely be more compliance and concessions in many homes."

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The nose is one of the best judges for distenguishing good tea, and how to prepare tea properly art teaches us. The addition of a few drops of lemon juice, or of any other vegetable acid, renders tea more exciting; and this custom prevails among poor Chinese and many Russians. In the East some drugs are put into tea to give it greater stimulating qualities. It is said that a good soup of tea is one of the best ailments for those about to undertake fatiguing journeys in lofty mountains. Tea excites the movements of the heart less than coffee, is less hostile to sleep, and is less fit to sustain intellectual labor; but more than coffee it increases the eliminative activity of the skin and respiration. The addition of a few drops of generous wine can prevent the wakefulness which tea causes. More than everything, experience indicates to anyone whether, from the state of his nerves, his brain, or his digestion, he ought to prefer tea or coffee. The excessive use of tea, especially of green tea, produces obstinite wakefulness, nervous tremblings, convulsions, cramps of the stomach, palpitations of the heart, and so on.

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Many persons drink ordinarily as little water as possible, and none at all at meal times, because they suppose that water dilutes the gastric juice. Experiments, however, show that dilution does not diminish the digestive power of the gastric juice, and further, that water alone as well as solid food, awakens its secretion. A paper read by a physician of Boston, at a meeting of a learned medical society, took the ground that water, used moderately at meals, is beneficial; and that a large class of persons drink too little. The result is, if too little water is drank—especially if the person eats heartily—the perspiration and the kidney secretion is diminished. Not only they, but the waste of the system, which can be removed only in a state of solution, is not eliminated with sufficient regularity and fulness, and the system becomes gradually clogged by it. The accumulation is slight from day to day, but in time unpleasant symptoms are developed. These symptoms are of an indefinite character—discomfort, even pain, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, constipation, and unhealthy hue of the skin. "Patients," said the doctor, "who drank no more than a pint of water a day, have told me that they were not thirsty. They were surprised when told to drink more. Those who have followed this suggestion in the course of a week have developed thirst, and drank as many as three pints of water a day." We may add that water taken into the stomach is at once rapidly absorbed by the blood vessels. A bowl of well-seasoned broth, as a first course, is specially helped to the above class of patients. A large quantity of ice-cold water is harmful to any one.

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The investigations of the census men have led to some queer developments in the manufactories of New York and adjoining cities. The largest single industry in New York is that of Custom made clothes. The making of paper patterns employs hundreds of hands, and, ten large houses being engaged in it, uses tons of paper. There are factories for making dried blood, the dummies that milliners use to show dresses on, theatrical armor and jewsharps. The use of adulterating substances is getting to be general. "Caslile soap," is made of grease and terra alba, or white earth, and which earth is used largely in candy making. Glucose, which is corn starch, is used heavily by the sugar refiners. There is a firm engaged in making honey and honey-comb. The honey-comb is made by machinery of paraffine wax, and is an exact imitation of the regular thing, except that the bees fashion their cells of walls only 1-125th of inch wide, while human artifices have not yet became that deft. The cells are filled with glucose, which is the sweet syrup of common corn, and looks and tastes like honey. The cells once filled, are closed by smearing a hot iron plate over the wax tops, and the product is sold as the "best clover honey." It is in great demand, and out sells the regular honey. Gallons and gallons of the best tomato catsup are made from the tomato skins which are purchased from the great tomato canning establishment.

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That princes of royal blood are not exempt from Nepture's sovereignty was demonstrated recently when the ships of the British flying squadron, recently crossed the equator. Upon such occasions ships are generally given over to the frolics of the sailors. Cabin, ward-room, and forecastle are then on the same level socially, and every man who is crossing the line for the first time, be he officer or sailor, is roughly handled. Aboard the Bacchante were the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. They did not wince when King Neptune came over the side with his train of grotesque followers. The order to souse the "Johnny Raws" they heard with stolid indifference. Neptune directed his surgeon to examine the two royal midshipmen. Both were pronounced in fit condition to endure the infliction of a rough toilet. The scent bottle was then held to their royal noses in turn, and their ruddy faces paled visibly at the terrible stench. Then the pill was administered, and Neptune's barber forced each into a improvised rocking chair, where they were treated to a lather that made their blood curdle. Every device was used in order to make the boys open their mouths, so that the greenish-blue lather could be forced into them. But no; they were stubborn. Their clenched teeth refused to yield to the pryings of their tormentors, and their large blue eyes wore an expression of determination. Tubs of water was then placed back of each chair, and into these the royal princes were ignominiously dumped. Then the mermen pulled them out, rolled them over and over on the deck, and dried them with "wet" deck swabs.

FALSE.

BY RITA.

I could not believe that thou wert false,
Though oft they told me it was true;
I struggle to forget the past,
But still I love and think of you.

I know it's vain to sigh and weep
O'er shattered idols of the past,
But love is love, no bidding knows,
And I shall love thee till the last.

Oh, would that I could banish from
My heart the secret pain and woe;
Oh, would that we had never met,
Or I had never loved thee so!

Farewell, we part, forever part,
The brightest scenes of life have fled;
The hopes that I so fondly cherished
Are all withered and dead.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII—(CONTINUED.)

DR. FITZPATRICK was perhaps prepared for this. He glanced round the room, walked quickly to a stand where water and a glass were to be found, and, taking a bottle from his pocket, he dropped some of its contents into the clear fluid, and held it to her lips. Lady Margerie drank it hastily, and it brought back strength to her trembling frame.

"Go on," she said in a low voice.

"You are a sensible woman, Lady Margerie," he resumed; "I see you don't give way; and, what is more, you know your true friends. Don't alarm yourself unnecessarily; I had my plans laid before I told you the startling fact, and I only need your cordial co-operation."

Lady Margerie bowed her head.

"Well, then, listen," he continued. "I will not trouble you with details, since the less you know of them the better. Surely, all they tend to prove is, that we have both of us been fools in our way; but, if we are wise, all will go well yet."

Lady Margerie's lips moved, but no sound came; still it was plain that she comprehended all she heard.

"There, take another dose of this," said Dr. Fitzpatrick. "It is quite safe in your present state, and then you will be able to hear and decide better. There is no danger, I repeat, if you are firm."

Lady Margerie obeyed; and the tint of life did come back to her face, and she altered her position to one more natural and easy.

"That's right," said the doctor. "Now, let me state matters as they stand, and then you will see the justice of all that I have arranged in my own mind. Blanche St. Clair, I believe, is alive. Nay, I am almost certain that she has, within these few weeks, been within sight, if not hearing, of these walls,—indeed, almost within the presence of the dowager countess. And, what is worse, the very man who rescued her from the grave has become acquainted with your stern sister-in-law, and actually received orders for a statue to be erected to the memory of her grandchild."

Lady Margerie could scarcely be whiter, but her lips quivered and trembled, and her hands twitched nervously as she listened; yet she did not speak. She had a sort of confident presentiment that the terrifying statement thus made had a counterbalancing antidote, or that strong, guilty man would scarcely look so calmly confident.

"Then, as I have said, Rosalie knows too much," he continued.

Lady Margerie's lips wreathed into a bitter smile.

"Go on," she said. sternly.

"Well, then, we must guard against this same dangerous damsel," he resumed, gently smiling his bland, soft smile; "and when she is secure, my dear lady, I have other safe plans for the remaining dangers."

"You are satisfied as to the absence of all proof of the legitimacy of the young lady in question?" asked Lady Margerie.

"So far as it is to be deduced from the absence of any proof of the marriage of Lady Cecily," he replied. "I have searched in every possible spot, every receptacle that could be likely to hold any such proof. The church books of St. Helen's have long since been food for fishes, and neither box, nor secretaire, nor lawyer's office holds the certificate that can alone establish the young Blanche's right to the title and property."

"Very good," said the lady; "then all is safe."

"And what is more," he continued, "I think that, from all I can learn, the young lady is now under the care of a person who will not let her appear again in a hurry, and that there will be good grounds for bringing a grave charge against him that will at once silence and discredit anything that it may be his pleasure to say on the matter."

Lady Margerie opened her eyes eagerly.

"Explain yourself," she said.

"Oh, it is a very simple matter to say 'explain,'" he said, quietly; "but you must first give me your word that you will co-operate with me in the task."

"I have no alternative," replied Lady Margerie.

"Then it is agreed between us?" said he.

"Certainly. I have no choice," she said.

"Then listen," he continued. "Do you remember the costly jewels of the wedding costume?"

Lady Margerie bowed, and she shuddered, too. The very thought of that terrible day was fearful to her.

"Were they not heirlooms?" he asked.

"They were," she replied.

"And if we can prove that they are in another person's possession they could easily be reclaimed, and that person punished?"

"I presume so," said Lady Margerie.

"Then we will soon place the matter beyond doubt," said the doctor, smiling grimly.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick," said the lady, rousing her faculties to exertion, "I must have at least some explanation of what you are about to do. I know that you cannot accomplish such a purpose without my aid. The jewels are mine, the information is mine, the accusation must be mine. And also remember that the wealth and rank you covet, are mine. The advantages are all on my side. On yours there is only——"

"Genius and power," was the quiet reply.

"Exactly," she said. "Then I at least furnish the whole means; I am the acting and visible agent, and I do not mean to be the puppet of your plans, put forward merely at your convenience."

"And may I ask what you want to know?" said the doctor.

"The circumstances of the case," she replied.

"Shall I tell them?" he said; "are you anxious and prepared to hear them, Lady Margerie Lisle?"

The lady shivered, but after a moment's pause she said, "I am."

Doctor Fitzpatrick drew near, and began.

"Some months since," said he, "it was supposed that the heiress of St. Clair perished by a terrible death. The fact, however, although at the time fully accepted, lay open to a doubt, through the absence of any positive proof, such as the identification of the remains."

He paused, as if waiting for a remark from Lady Margerie; but she kept silent, and he in a few moments resumed.

"The young bride was known to have worn on that unhappy day jewels of enormous value, and of a peculiar setting,—heirlooms in her mother's family. Am I correct, so far?"

"Quite," was the reply.

"Suppose," continued the doctor, drawing closer to Lady Margerie as he fixed his eyes on her face, "suppose these jewels have been seen since her reported death, and absolutely traced to the possession of one person?"

"It is false!" exclaimed Lady Margerie,—"an infamous invention!—a shameful trick! Blanche St. Clair is dead,—it cannot be otherwise. Why, did you not drug the girl that night until sense and life had almost left her, and her state of lethargy made her fate sure? Did you not place combustibles throughout the corridor and chapel with a diabolical skill and precision, so that the fire should spread with what may have seemed to others magical rapidity? Did you not stand by her yourself, every outlet being closed, until, half stupefied by your potions, the smoke should do the rest, and——"

"Silence!" exclaimed the doctor. "All this may be true enough, and yet the girl was rescued,—how, matters little; the fact stands as a fact. Now you will perhaps be more inclined to yield to my greater caution, if not greater daring and invention. You have a fertile brain, Lady Margerie, and an unscrupulous will, but you lack the masculine power to combine and form what is essential in all comprehensive plans. Together we are invincible, apart we should inevitably fall."

There was some truth in the sketch thus coolly and rapidly made.

"To complete my statement," he resumed, "the pearls in question were taken from the fair inanimate form of the young girl, and placed in the custody of the man whose means furnished all that was really necessary for her recovery."

"But why did she not make herself known? Why not at once appeal to her grandparents and return to their care?" said the lady, eagerly. If the tale be true, it is unaccountable."

"Scarcely," was the reply; "your niece, Lady Margerie, like her aunt, is no common character, and she had a tolerably correct idea of all that had occurred, and, what is more, she feared not for herself so much as for others,—for her aged grandfather's life, for the family honor, for, perhaps, the consequences in aftertimes of such subtle attempts, against which the sanctity of a Castle—her own hereditary home—the prestige of a bride, and the whole tenderness and care lavished on a young and lovely girl at such a moment, could not guard her. Now do you understand?"

Again that passive bow.

"To proceed with my story," he said: "The pearls are therefore traced suspiciously.—it is not for you to know how,—and the young lady has disappeared—last seen, mind you, in the studio of Sir Evan Leslie, the gentleman in question. I have reason to believe that she will not appear again in a hurry. Do you began to see my drift?"

"It is a fearful plot," said the lady, shuddering.

"Less fearful than the tale the girl could tell, if she reappeared," said the doctor. "Now, I pledge my word that the facts of the case shall be framed in the statement to meet the exigencies. If we find that Sir Evan keeps an obstinat silence on the subject of the jewels, and the way they came into his possession, then all will be hushed up. We can easily delay the proceedings; and by degrees, when we find that all danger is past, we can let them drop, on proper bail and security being given; but if any unpleasant disclosures are made, we can at once require the gentleman to give an account of the girl, whom it will appear he has robbed, and so turn off all suspicion from ourselves. Meanwhile, I think I can make terms that will secure her safety, I mean her permanent absence (not her death;) and, if I comprehend her character aright, the fear of an open stain on her birth, and her mother's name, would forever seal her lips," he said.

It was a fiendish plot. Even the crime-stained lady felt it; but what alternative remained?

The man was triumphant. He had all the knowledge of her crime, a far deeper acquaintance with the circumstances of the affair than ever she possessed, and, as he had justly said, the masculine power of combination and of foresight, and full power of obtaining agents, and of ascertaining and commanding the ramifications that constitute extended and deeply plotted crime.

Lady Margerie was conquered—conquered by the power she had herself erected; conquered by the superior force that she had brought to bear on herself; conquered by the deeper and yet unenviable superiority in crime. She had no alternative but to yield, in the desperate hope of securing the last and most precious stronghold.

"Listen, Doctor Fitzpatrick," she said. "You demand my consent and co-operation in the manner that you propose, to avert any consequences from the unhappy and unforeseen complications that have arisen. I confess that I do it with extreme reluctance, with loathing of the deeply dyed crimes you meditate, and the injuries they inflict on the innocent."

"One moment, Lady Margerie," said Dr. Fitzpatrick, interrupting her. "I like precision in these matters. Much mischief has been done already by the want of entire confidence between us. Be so good as to tell me whether you are really honest in saying that there is no proof of Lady Cecily's marriage."

"As Heaven hears me, I am," she replied, sternly. "I never saw nor heard of anything that could certify the marriage."

"And you believe that they were not married?" he said. "Mind, we are speaking confidentially, Lady Margerie; you cannot expect to make blunders, and deceive me, and then look to me for the remedies of these blunders."

The lady was silent. Then she said, half fiercely, "I expect that you are a fiend incarnate, Doctor Fitzpatrick, and that a just retribution awaits you sooner than you think, whether I am to be its agent or not. But if you ask me what I truly believe, I should say that my proud brother and his wife must have had good reason to believe in the legitimacy of the girl they adopted as the heiress of St. Clair. Otherwise, I have no reason to trust the prudence and honor of the weak foolish girl who sold a heritage for a mere fancy."

"It is well," said the physician. "Then we can go fearlessly to work. My first care will be to remove the raving fever patient from a dangerous occupation of your mansion. We must then proceed to take all other steps in the matter that shall be necessary."

"I will second you in all that you may do, Doctor Fitzpatrick," said the countess, looking firmly at him; "and, when all is over, and our own position safely secured, I shall make my terms with you individually."

"You are right, Lady St. Clair," said he, looking calmly at her; "we shall then make terms with each other—individually. I am glad that a woman has patience and prudence to take one thing at a time. We shall have little difficulty when all is settled elsewhere. And now, good morning."

"Yes," said the countess, looking calmly at him in return; "yes, I can never forget my obligations to you, Doctor Fitzpatrick, and you will find I can repay them as you would yourself in such a case. Farewell, I appreciate fully your talent and goodness."

The lady held out her hand, still white and smooth; the physician raised it to his lips, and the fingers trembled and closed convulsively at the touch of those thin cold lips.

In a few minutes more the doctor had left the Castle. The lady remained for some time motionless and rigid, her brain working, but her features calm and determined. At last a look of triumph—bitter, relentless, satisfied triumph—came on her features. She went to the writing-desk, took out from it a thin envelope containing a paper, which she opened, and carefully examined. Then she laid it back in its receptacle, and locked it securely.

"Yes, Doctor Fitzpatrick," said she, I will make my own terms, as you will find in the end. I can foresee, ay, and combine also. But in this instance, you

have reckoned without your host, and failed in the combinations and prophetic foresight on which you have so prided yourself. Yes, time will show on what your prophetic powers rest."

The lady's brow cleared, and she left the room and joined her daughter at luncheon which was generally their first interview in the day, with a countenance that betrayed no different feeling from the ordinary staid self command and firmness of her mien.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ladies of St. Clair separated that day after the noon day meal, with the weary air that betokened the absence of excitement and occupation, or reaction from its excess. Indeed, even Isabel was beginning to feel that the reality of the grandeur she had pictured to herself was scarcely so charming as the anticipation.

"Mamma," she said, as she languidly accompanied her mother as far as the door of Lady Margerie's morning room, "I am absolutely weary of this life. I shall do something desperate if you remain here much longer."

"Isabel!" said her mother, reprovingly

"Oh, you need not look so shocked, mamma: I am quite serious," returned Isabel. "Of course, you will say that the deaths in the family make this seclusion necessary, and we cannot have any gaiety for the next six month; but I am not going to submit to such absurdities I am fairly sick of Blanche's name, and I cannot see the use of being the heiress of St. Clair with a life that our own maids would not endure."

"What do you wish me to do, Isabel?" asked her mother.

"I wish you to take some steps to bring Rupert back mamma," replied the girl, coloring deeply. "I am not going to wait until he thinks it decorous to come, or till he has courage to brave your displeasure at such want of propriety. You said yourself, you wished him to be my husband; and I am quite willing to obey you, if it is arranged in reasonable time, and not without."

"Isabel, come in with me," said the lady, sternly. "I must make you understand me and yourself a little better You are the presumptive heiress of St. Clair—but only presumptive Much, if not everything, depends on my will, and that will has never yet been thwarted with impunity. You would incur consequences you little expect were I to take a single step to bring Sir Rupert Pelham to your side. If an overpowering were to induce him to violate propriety, the world might look leniently on his impulsive rashness; but if you and I were to take the initiative, you would repent it to the last day of your life."

"I shall begin to repent that I have this weary dignity," said the girl, angrily "Isabel Lisle was far more free and happy than Lady Isabel St. Clair, and I half begin to regret Blanche's departure from this world."

The mother groaned. No one knew how she had sinned and suffered for the girl who thus scoffingly and impatiently objected to a brief interval of weariness and seclusion.

Lady Margerie's punishment was commencing. Already she began to fancy there was less deference in the manner of her only child; that the light words of the impatient, haughty girl had a deeper meaning than they outwardly bore, and her own desire to have the control grew proportionately stronger. The dialogue just described was only a repetition of many to the same purport; but Lady St Clair was perhaps more willing now to argue instead of to command, in the somewhat subdued state of mind in which Dr. Fitzpatrick and the scene of the preceding night had left her.

Lady Isabel proceed to her own room in no very pleasing frame of mind. She had grown literally weary of every object that was within or without the Castle walls, of the very pomp and splendor of the apartments, the visitors, the dreary plash of the waves, the thick woods that were even now just beginning to put on their spring garb. All was wearisome to the girl, in the complete seclusion that she and her mother had observed since the earl's death. They had no fresh subjects to discuss, no events to relate, and now that the ceremonious round of condolence calls had been received and returned, no visitors to criticize. And, though Lady Isabel's mourning was costly and becoming, though the title by which she was addressed sounded pleasant in her ears, and the luxury of the Castle was certainly enhanced by feeling that it was her own, and yet she found that all became wearisome. What availed beauty and elegance with no one to see? What was the vain respect of inferiors when no one could dispute or rival her claims to distinction? And what empty pageantry seemed the splendid etiquette through which the two ladies were compelled to pass!

Lady Isabel, too, had several secret sources of discontent. Sir Rupert Pelham had never written to her since his departure, never even replied to a brief note she had hazarded, after her return to the isle and to her mother's home. And the pride of the haughty beauty, and the affection, or rather passion Sir Rupert had excited in her heart, were offended and mortified by his silence. She did not doubt his constancy. The splendid heiress could certainly command the love and homage that the portionless Isabel had won, and she vainly believed that he was but conforming to the rules that propriety and even decency laid down. Still it suited her that all rules should give way to her attractions; that a lover should dare all and everything in his uncontrollable passion, his lowly homage; and Sir Rupert's silence was beginning to depress her She threw on a hat and cloak, and in pure disgust at the monotony of all around her, left the Castle, and went down to the bower called "Lady Cecily's Seat."

It was a clear bright March day, but the wind was frosty and keen, though the sun shone brilliantly on the sea and shore, and Lady Isabel drew her cloak closely round her, as she gladly sought the shelter of the bower. Her veil was drawn over her black hat, so as almost to conceal her features, and even obscure her own sight, and it was not till she had entered the bower that she perceived she was not its only tenant. He who already inhabited it was gazing earnestly towards the distant cliffs which rose white and high above the calm waves.

Lady Isabel also turned her face to the same spot, and she started as she fancied the form bore a resemblance to that of Sir Rupert Pelham; yet he would surely have sent her notice of his coming, or come to the Castle, instead of lingering on its threshold. The blood quickly mounted to her face at the bare idea of such a slight, and when her steps attracted the notice of the stranger and he turned suddenly to see who the intruder was, the beautiful heiress was indebted to her veil that her lover did not recoil from the fierce, proud expression of her lovely face. For it was he.

"Rupert!" she exclaimed.

"Isabel, dearest!" he responded.

The words were magical. In a moment all passion and doubt vanished There was no mistaking the glance, the brightness of those eyes, the joy sparkling in the smile, the ardor of the embrace in which, almost ere she was aware, he had clasped the beautiful girl.

Sir Rupert Pelham did indeed love that fair, proud heiress, as he would scarcely have dreamed it possible to love. He had cherished the passion even while the superior attractions of rank and wealth, the stern necessities of his position, and the soft and fair loveliness of the beautiful Blanche had all tended to quench its indulgence He had loved her in absence, in fear, in suspicious terror that such love would be deemed mercenary and interested by the world, and that he would be looked on as the man who could thus coolly transfer his affection from the dead heiress to the living in a few brief weeks. He had struggled, he had risked the love and the anger of his fair idol by his silence and his absence; but the attempt was beyond his strength Isabel loved him,—Isabel believed in him Why care for the whole world beside? And now he was here,—at her side,—holding her in his arms, his lips pressed to her soft cheek, and his eyes looking into hers. It was bliss for both the erring ones,—for they had erred, though perhaps innocently. They had loved: on from fancy, pride, and pique, had persisted in attracting the betrothed husband of her cousin; the other, while promising love to one, was really devoting his heart to another, and there was a secret consciousness of this in Rupert, if not in Isabel, that gave a troubled, feverish air to his very happiness, and that kept his lips from pouring out the wealth of love in his heart.

"Rupert," she said, "you did not answer me."

"I dared not, dearest," replied Sir Rupert

"Then you love me not," said Isabel. "Love knows no fear"

"It knows the fear of doing what might injure the beloved one," he said, fondly. "Isabel, I did wrong to your cousin,—shameful wrong, and I will not repeat it to you, whom I so idolize. No, I dare not I would not risk your fame and my own honor, which would be also yours, my love, if you blessed me with your hand," he said.

"Then what brought you there, now?" she asked, coldly.

"Some irresistible power," he replied, smiling; "and this strange missive, as it would seem, from the dead. I gladly availed myself of the pretext or could it be possible, after that terrible, sudden death!"

He held out a folded paper to Isabel as he spoke It was written in a fine Italian hand, and bore these words:—

"Sir Rupert Pelham is fully absolved from any allegiance to the memory of his lost bride. There was no love between them, nothing but the ties of duty and reverence for those who demanded obedience at the hands of both; but now, when the bride has been snatched from the altar, the tie is broken for ever, and can never be recovered The semblance of grief would be only a mockery, and Sir Rupert is at liberty henceforth to enjoy his freedom from a bond that would have been irksome to both."

"Is that your cousin's writing?" he asked seeing Isabel's face actually pale with terror.

The girl gazed at it in bewildered alarm. That it could be Blanche's was impossible, or a miracle too fearful and incredible to be received; or there was one other hypothesis that was scarcely less terrible to Lady Isabel St. Clair—one too wild, too impossible, too wretched in its consequences to be cherished for a moment. She had something of her mother in her, that young and as yet untutored girl, something of her power of rapid calculation, of self control, of sudden invention, and power to meet emergencies; and never was it more completely proved than in the present instance. The first surprise and emotion, so natural under the circumstances, had scarcely passed away when she turned to the eagerly expecting Rupert with a look of gentle, deprecating sweetness.

"Dear Rupert," she said, "what can I say? It is such a terrible crime to charge any one with forgery; and yet there can be but one other way of explaining that strange note."

"I do not think it is a forgery, Isabel," said the young man firmly. "It is so completely like your poor cousin in feeling and sentiment, that I have little hesitation in ascribing it to her; and if you think it like her writing, it confirms my previous conviction."

A sudden idea flashed across the girl's mind, one that might well tend to the results she most desired.

"Let mamma see it, dear Rupert," she continued. "She is so clever and has such wonderful firmness of character, that she can always see through any mystery, and what is more, she will meet anything alarming or painful coolly and quietly, without attempting to conceal or ignore the truth. She is your friend too, Rupert. Believe me, we have nothing to fear from her."

"Not yet, my darling," said he. "Oh, Isabel, I have never yet had the opportunity of tell you half the love, the adoration, I was so long forced to crush back in my heart Oh, if you could but guess the suffering I have endured, the guilty consciousness that I was unworthy the bride destined for me, the struggles to vanquish myself, the fear of the future for myself and that unhappy girl; the anguish that a glimpse of you occasioned—a mere touch of your dress, the sound of your voice! And then, when she perished, I felt as if I had been her murderer, and that she had been snatched away from a fate that would have been far, far worse than death to her."

Isabel's brow had darkened during that last vehement pouring out of her lover's feelings; she cared not to hear such deep interest expressed for a rival.

"Come," she said at last; "come, dear Rupert; I feel as if I were doing wrong in lingering here with you Let us go to mother at once. Believe me you have nothing to fear from her"

Sir Rupert had an innate refinement and chivalry in his disposition which at once induced him to comply with a request thus urged. He had deeply erred in past days; but the "gentle" blood and, yet more, the gentleman's heart were there still, and he would not willingly outrage the delicate scruples of any one bearing the name of "woman," certainly not her whom he trusted to make his wife, and thus, with one lingering embrace of the fair form at his side, he rose, and accompanied Isabel to the Castle.

Lady St. Clair had received more notice of his arrival than had her daughter; and the welcome she gave her future son-in-law was courteous, grave and cordial, as befitted the rank and the relative positions of the two. The welcome was undisputed; the intentions of the mother of Isabel were satisfactorily evident to the collateral heir of St. Clair; and the chief source of his hopes, and yet his fears, was summarily disposed of by the countess

"My dear cousin, my yet more valued son elect," she said, with a grave sweetness that went to the heart of the lover, "be content. There are wretched secrets, tragic romances, in families like ours, that are better crushed, and buried in oblivion—better even unknown to such young and buoyant spirits as yours and Isabel's. Trust me—the Countess of St. Clair, the sister of the last earl, the aunt of your unhappy betrothed, the mother of Isabel—when I tell you that you may rest well satisfied in the faith of that mysterious missive, and thank Providence that has guided you safely to love and wealth, and the rank that will one day revert to you."

Sir Rupert listened with respectful attention.

"And when, Lady St. Clair—my aunt, my mother—when may I claim the precious boon you have promised?" asked Sir Rupert

Lady St. Clair smiled,—an attempt at a light playful smile that set all our stern features

"Six months is the shortest time allowed to the most hard hearted widowers," she replied, "and that period has scarcely elapsed since poor Blanche's death, still less since that of the late earl. But I promise you that the necessary preparations shall be begun, and in two months from this time I will bestow upon you the hand of your bride elect."

"Two months!" he exclaimed; "oh, Lady St. Clair!"

"I will make it three months if you are rebellious," she said, lightly. "You could not think it possible that bridal festivities should so quickly follow funeral rites."

"I care not for bridal festivities," he replied. "Let the ceremony but take place in the Castle with no witnesses but yourself and the servants, and all else can wait for the time you mention."

"I will consider of it," said the lady, musingly. "I will think and talk to your lady love. To-morrow we can speak further."

Lady Margerie certainly did not anticipate one strange event that would materially influence the morrow in the matter before her.

CHAPTER XL.

ROSALIE NORMAN lay tossing on her feverish couch. Feverish she was, poor unhappy girl; troubled and startled were her movements; low and strange her words; and the attendant employed to watch by her side perfectly agreed in the opinion of the physician, that "the girl had gone mad."

It was perfectly to be understood, that opinion. The suddenness of the attack, the singular and moody manner of the girl previous to her final outbreak, and the apparent absence of any real physical disease were all confirmatory of the idea that the disorder was mental; and it required all the courage and coolness of the elderly housemaid appointed to remain near the invalid to sustain the duty imposed on her. But Bridget had been for many years in the St. Clair family, and remembered Rosalie's mother, and thus she was willing to fulfil at once a duty to the "family" and a kindness to the child of an old acquaintance

Again and again Bridget had tried to soothe and win the confidence of the girl, but without success; so that she was fain to resume her seat and her cogitations in subdued silence; and thus hours went on. Rosalie had become quiet; her eyes were closed, her form was still and motionless, her breathing regular and soft as an infant s.

Bridget's watch had been a weary and dull one She had longed for a little light, and social chat, during the whole evening. Supper was being prepared, as she could hear from the sounds in the servants' hall; and the noise of voices and the smell of good cheer reached up to the chamber as she stole to the open door of the adjacent closet in which she sat; then she crept back to the bedside. Rosalie had not moved. The bed clothes were stirred gently and regularly by her breathing; her face was flushed, as in sleep; her hair lay half over her arm and shoulders There could be no doubt that the girl was in a sound and refreshing sleep.

Mrs. Bridget could not resist the temptation,—she stole from the room, closed the door, and locked it on the outside, determined that her absence should not exceed a few minutes, and secure in the impossibility of her patient's suffering aught but a little temporary alarm, or want of attendance; and, as she said, "A woman could not be expected to go without her natural meals for a foolish lassie like that." And so Mrs. Bridget left the patient to repose in quiet and solitude.

The girl lay still enough till the sound of the woman's footsteps had completely died away. Even her eyes remained firmly closed, and her form as motionless as before Then, when all was quiet, when the whole household was hushed and all the domestics had assembled in the hall and housekeeper's room for the evening meal, the girl opened her eyes, and gazed cautiously around. The room was lighted by a night-lamp that shed a soft radiance through the apartment, without distressing the eyes of the invalid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The venerable Cromwell Barnard, a member of the Society of Friends and skipper of the sloop Union of Nantucket, was lying at a Philadelphia wharf. Barnard was promenading the quarterdeck when a schooner hauling out of the dock, fell afoul of the Union, and the schooner's captain began to swear vociferously. Of course it did not do any good, and as Barnard took no notice of it, the captain yelled in a perfectly audible voice that he was an old soadbelly, prefixing a participle that is usually considered to be eminently profane. Mr Barnard could not stand this, so he called down the main hatchway to the mate, 'Zimri! Zimri! come on deck and talk some of thy language to this outlandish."

Better than Money.

BY JAMES P. CAMPBELL

WHEN Robert Percival had attained the age of thirty five, he suddenly became possessed of the idea that he was growing old, and the thought haunted him night and day.

He was of perfect form, well rounded and muscular, a champion at athletic exercises a teacher of music and modern languages by profession, and every inch a gentleman

He had a manly face—a face intellectually strong morally bright and clear, with a light in the full gray eyes that had never quailed or flickered in the gaze of mortal man.

His features were regular, and when he smiled, which was often, he looked handsome—because he looked so good

And now, why had Robert Percival taken it into his head that he was growing old, and why was he growing melancholy, moody, and altogether unlike himself?

Mary Atherton was the cause of it. She was an orphan, without brother or sister, who had been for ten years the ward of an elderly uncle, at whose hands and at whose heart she received all the care and the love that a parent could have given, for Uncle John had loved her dearly, and she had been the light and joy of his home. He had no daughters of his own and only one son—that son married, and removed to a distant place; so that his bright fed tender hearted, pure minded, and really beautiful niece had been of his house its adornment.

She was nine years old when her father died; her mother had died a year before, so that she was now near twenty

But there was something to be taken into account in speaking of Mary Atherton besides her beauty and goodness. It was her bank account.

Old Atherton's will had been very simple. In the preamble, written in his own strong hand, had been this sentence: "Having confidence to believe that the gentle humane, and truly Christian spirit manifested by my child now in her tender years, cannot be overcome or seriously warped I feel perfectly safe in leaving it for her to distribute my wealth as she shall be inclined; and I believe she will find happiness in making others happy By this last will and testament, and with my dying breath, I will urge it upon her that she shall never forget, nor forego, the joys of giving, where good can be the result."

And then he had left her his sole heir—saving only generous legacies to those of his faithful servitors whom he wished to reward.

And the result of this will, at the expiration of ten years since her father's death, with her property in the hands of a man who had been true and faithful, was to make Mary Atherton the possessor, in her own undisputed right, of over a million dollars.

There is no need that we should tell of the wonderful expectations the hopes and fears, the zeal and the pertinacity, and the profound respect, love, and devotion of the vast multitude who fancied that they had received a call to offer themselves as life companions to the wealthy beauty.

When she was fifteen years of age her uncle had persuaded her to go away to a female academy in a distant city. She had remained there a year, and then left in disgust.

When she was seventeen, Uncle John fell in with Robert Percival, whose father had once been Uncle John's dearest friend Robert had spent ten years in France and Germany, was an accomplished musician and music teacher, besides being perfect in the French and German languages.

Oh! Mary did so much wish to study French and German of a teacher who could fluently and properly speak them; and, also, she wished to study music under the tuition of one who had music in his soul, and who had strength, and power and understanding.

Uncle John made critical inquiries regarding Robert Percival's character, the result of which was that he hired him to serve as private tutor.

And Robert Percival had been engaged two years in that capacity. And now it was that he was feeling himself to be old He was contrasting his five and-thirty with Mary Atherton's twenty. But that wasn't all She was wealthy.

Was he mad enough to think of loving such a girl? It may have been madness, but he was not responsible. Still—he was not mad enough to think of seeking her love in return

For over six months he had been promising himself that he would flee from the love that could only bring to him sorrow in the end; but he had found it hard to break away; and he had stayed But he must go now.

The day was drawing near on which she would be twenty years old—the age at which, by her father's will, she was to be free, and mistress of herself and of her property

Robert had told Uncle John why he was going, and Uncle John had commended him for his generous resolution.

On the evening of the day preceding the natal day, Mary came, in a state of terror and alarm, to seek her uncle in the library, where she found him alone.

"Uncle John! What is this I hear! That you have settled with Robert—with my teacher—with—Mr.—Percival—and that he is going away?"

"That is the arrangement, my dear Certainly, you cannot wonder You cannot expect him to remain here, to teach you, after you have come to know as much as he does?"

"Uncle John! You trifle You know that I can never know what that man knows But—tell me! —and she caught the old man by the arm— 'does he want to go? Is it his own free will and accord?'"

"Entirely so, Mary He has been planning to this end for a long time He spoke with me about it more than a month ago, and would have gone then if I had said so."

Mary Atherton sank into a chair, and buried her face in her hands. A few moments so, and then she burst into sobbing and weeping It seemed as though her heart was breaking.

Uncle John was not surprised He had suspected this. And he was not grieved. If the man had not wealth of money, he had that far richer wealth—the wealth of worth!

He sat for a time in silence, and then went and laid his hand upon the girl's head.

"Mary, do you love Robert Percival?"

She looked up into his face—looked up through the flowing tears and sobbed

"I love him with all my heart—with all my soul! Oh, if I could know——"

"Look you, darling—look up, and I will tell you why he is going. He is going because he is poor and you are rich, and because his heart is aching—he says, breaking—with a love which he dares not speak."

She started to her feet, and threw herself upon her uncle's bosom Then she wiped away her tears, and spoke; "Uncle John, you would be willing to give my hand to Robert?"

"Yes, my precious child; for I have confidence in him He is a true man—one of nature's noblemen. I should have no fears in consigning you to his care for life."

"Oh, you darling uncle! I will bless you while I live!"

And she hastened away.

An hour later, with all the strength she possessed summoned to her aid, calm and serene, but somewhat paler than usual, Mary Atherton sought her teacher, and found him in the music-room at his desk, engaged in writing a letter. She did not stop to consider.

"Robert, what are you writing?"

"I—I—was writing——"

But he broke down

"Robert Percival tell me to whom were you writing? It is a letter!"

"Yes, it is a letter—to—to—yourself!"

"And you tell me that you are going away?"

"Yes—oh, my soul, yes!"

"Then tear it up Tear it up, I say; for you are not going!"

The man rose to his feet, and faced his pupil He saw a light upon her countenance so infinitely tender and sublime, that his soul caught the inspiration, and his own face was transfigured

"Mary!"

"Oh, Robert! You will not go?"

"Mary, my own!"

"Yes, yes, my darling now and evermore! Oh you will not go!

To-day, Robert and Mary Percival, with their children rising up to call them blessed, are the centre of a broad sphere of happiness and prosperity, all flowing from their munificence, and the joyful wife, in the beatitude of her love lighted home, blesses the hour when she found in her husband the wealth of worth.

TAVERN SIGNS.—Many a novel tavern sign exhibits touches of quaint satire. The Quiet Woman and the Silent Woman with pictures of a headless woman; the Honest Lawyer, with his head under his arm, the Load of Mischief and the Man Laden with Mischief, each depicting a man chained to a woman, with the word 'wedlock' on the padlock of the chain. The Green Man and Still has long been a puzzle; sometimes a man dressed in a sort of Robin Hood green garb, but leaving the still unexplained. The World End taverns bears a pictorial representation of a horseman brought to a dead stop by a precipice all beyond being a chaos of sky and cloud. Many tavern signs are believed to be traceable to the conception of names which originally had widely different meanings such as Bouvgne Mouth into Bull and Mouth Boulogne Gate into Bull and Gate, Cœur Dore ('Golden Heart') into Queer Door, Bacchanals into Bag o' Nails Peg and Wassail (connected with an old wassail-bowl custom) into Pig and Whistle, George Canning into George and Cannon, and perhaps the most extraordinary of all, God Encompasseth Us, into God Encompass Us.

He who envies makes victims his own

ABOUT DOCTORS.

IF the early struggles of many fashionable physicians were fully and courageously written, we should have some fine stories of the screwing and scraping and shifts by which their first equipages were maintained In olden days it was much more marked than now. London was the scene of the most heroic struggles. Who has not heard of the daring doctor who taught singing under the moustachioed and bearded disguise of an Italian count, at a young ladies' school at Chapham, in order that he might make his daily west end calls between three P M and six P M in a well built brougham drawn by a fiery steed from a livery stable? There was one case of a young physician who provided himself with the means of figuring in a brougham during the May fair morning, by occupying the box and condescending to the garb and duties of a cabman during the hours of darkness. It was the same carriage at both periods of the four and twenty hours He loafed on it by daylight, and sat on it by gaslight.

During the railway panic of '46 an unfortunate physician prescribed for a delicate woman to swallow nightly 2 450 railway shares, which was regarded as evidence of the physician's insanity, and the management of his private affairs was forthwith taken out of his hands.

A doctor, well known in the early annals of medicine, gave as a cure for nervousness among children "a small young mouse roasted." Snails were among the popular remedies, and the memory of an old lady in Suffolk is still preserved who, for years, daily took a cup of small broth for the benefit of a weak chest.

Sydenham, one of the fathers of modern medicine, was once asked what was the best book for a course of study for a medical student. "Read Don Quixote," he replied, "it is a very good book—I read it at all."

Sir Humphrey Davy one of the most brilliant as well as eccentric of all chemists and natural philosophers added many discoveries to medical science—among them laughing gas. He affected not to have time for ordinary decencies of the toilet, and rarely washed. On the plea of saving time he used to put on his clean linen over his dirty—so that he has been known to wear at the same time five shirts and five pairs of stockings On the rare occasions when he divested himself of his superfluous garments, he caused infinite perplexity to his less intimate friends, who could not account for his rapid transition from corpulence to tenuity

Rabelais was a physician On his death bed the presence of officious friends troubled him, and when he saw his doctor consulting together, he raised his head from his pillow and said with a smile:

"Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death."

Garth's social humor was exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at a coffee house he found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence, until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legibility: "I would write you more by this post but there is a tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman in a fury "Do you think that I looked over your letter?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you."

"Ah but you have put it down for all that."

"'Tis impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter"

Garth tells a good story. One Sunday he stumbled into a dissenters' meeting, for a pastime, and found a pathetic preacher shedding tears over the iniquity of the earth

"What makes the man weep?" asked Garth of a bystander

"By my faith," was the answer, "and you too would weep if you were in his place, and had as little to say"

The tale is told of old doctor Radcliffe that one time he was disputing with a paviour about to pay for some work in front of his house.

"Why," said Radcliffe, "you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide the bad work."

"Doctor," responded the man drily "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."

"What must I do, sir?" inquired an indolent neighbor of Abernethy.

"Live on a sixpence a day and earn it, sir," was the stern answer.

Butler liked ale and wine for himself, but he thought highly of water for other people When he occupied rooms in a house looking over the Thames, a gentleman afflicted with an ague came to consult him Butler tipped the wink to his servants, who flung the sick man, in the twinkling of an eye, slap out of the window into the river. We are asked to believe that the "surprise absolutely cured" the patient of his malady.

Another physician's diabolic directions consisted of the following negative advice [illegible] an old gentleman who put the ever [illegible] question:

"What may I eat?"

"My directions, sir, are simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows; but anything else you please."

The success of Sir Astley Cooper was beyond that of any medical practitioner of modern times; but it came very gradually. His earning for the first nine years of his professional career, progressed thus: In the first year he netted five guineas; in the second, twenty six pounds, in the third sixty four pounds; in the fourth ninety six pounds; in the fifth, one hundred pounds, in the sixth two hundred pounds; in the eighth, six hundred and ten pounds and in the ninth year eleven hundred pounds. For many years he achieved more than £15 000 per annum, in one year earning the immense sum of £31 000 or $105 000

One morning Bouvart entered the chamber of a French Marquis, whom he had attended for some time "Good day to you Mr Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me." "I am sure it has," replied Bouvart dryly. "The very first thing you said convinced me of it." "Pray explain yourself" Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger I was your dearest friend, as you began to get better I was your good Bouvart, and now I am Mr. Bouvart; depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

New Publications.

"The Black Venus" by Adolphe Belot, is one of the most remarkable works of the present day It is a tour de force unlike any other ever published and occupies a place in literature peculiar to itself In it M Belot takes his reader's to equatorial Africa, and introduces them to strange people, and to strange customs. Startling scenes and incidents follow each other in rapid succession, and the wonderful book may be appropriately described as a series of exceptionally attractive and novel surprises. "The Black Venus" is, in fact, a happy combination of travel and fiction, and through it runs a vein of most felicitous and pleasing humor. It is to a great extent, a love story but a love story utterly out of the common track and, therefore, all the more interesting, while that portion of the book relating to the Black Venus and the Amazons is full of weird beauty "The Black Venus" has been translated and adapted by George D Cox in the most faithful and effective manner, and has been dramatized and brought out in spectacular form, and will be given in all the principal theatres in the United States It is published in a large [illegible] duodecimo volume, in paper cover; price, 75 cents. T B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, this city.

The "Revised Version of the New Testament" is promised shortly, and a "Companion to the Revised Version" prepared by the Rev Alexander Roberts, D D, Professor of Humanity at St Andrew's University, Aberdeen, and a member of the New Testament Company, explaining the reasons for the changes made in the Authorized Version, will be published simultaneously by Cassell Petter, Galpin & Co., of New York.

MAGAZINES

D Lothrop & Co., the Boston publishers, have issued a circular to American artists, offering $1 600 in prizes for book covers and magazine illustrations, in black and white, and in colors the first set of prizes, amounting in all to $750 is for book cover designs. The amounts are divided as follows: $300 for the best design in colors for a book of seven inches (board edition) of Baby Bud magazine, 7 by 9 inches upright, or 10 by 8 inches oblong, running around entire book for reproduction by chromography of not more than ten printings; $200 for best design in colors for cover of boys' volume (post 8vo edition), of Wide Awake magazine, 7 by 9 inches upright for reproduction by not more than ten printings; $100 for best design in colors for cover of juvenile book (boards) 6¾ by 8¾ inches, upright, for reproduction by chromography of not more than ten printings; $100 for best design in colors for juvenile book (boards) 6 by 6 inches, upright, for reproduction by chromography of not more than ten printings, and $50 for the best design for cover of juvenile book (cloth) 6¾ by 7 inches, upright, for reproduction by not more than three printings For the best three drawings in black and white for reproduction by wood engraving or 'process' suitable for Christmas for Wide Awake magazine, $100 is offered, divided as follows: first prize $50, second prize $30, and third prize $20. Size when reproduced 6 by 8½ inches. For best designs in colors, suitable for front and side plates for juvenile books, for reproduction by chromography, of not more than ten printings, $150 is offered as follows: $100 for design by 7½ inches and $100 for one 8½ by 11½ inches. Competitors may send any number of designs, and may compete for all the prizes The judges will be two gentlemen and one lady, connected with the art department of the houses All designs must be delivered by [illegible] The prizes will be awarded on April 15 There will be no public exhibition

Canterbury for last will be issued in monthly parts, an annual subscription will be taken for it. Each monthly part will contain thirty two pages, with sixteen full page illustrations, of the original Bigelow Canterbury, (edited by J. K. Stone, Clark, M. A.) and an American supplement of eight pages, the whole printed on fine, extra quality of heavy, tinted paper The subscription price will be one dollar per year, postage prepaid, single numbers, ten cents beginning with January, 1881 A specimen number will be forwarded to any boy or girl entirely free. Subscribers will also be presented as a premium, with a magnificent water color [illegible] 'Only Aunt Mary's Class' 8 by 24 inches, The subject of this charming engraving is a beautiful little girl, who is practising her [illegible] for her first Sunday in church. Estes & Lauriat, publishers, Boston.

The February number of Bowditch's American Florist is, in all respects, equal to its predecessor, and this is saying all that can be said. For a person [illegible] in flowers, whether largely or on a small scale, it contains a great [illegible] The point of [illegible] that [illegible] Bowditch, 24 Water Street, Boston.

Our Young Folks.

HARD TIMES IN THE MOUSE FAMILY.

BY JULIA R. TOBEY.

SQUEAKINGS AND SQUEALINGS, and all kinds of distressful mouse noises were heard in the Mouse family one cold morning in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse and their four children, Sleeky, Sharp Eyes, Greedy Claws, and Open Ears, had enjoyed the comforts of a luxurious home, tucked away as they were in the coziest and safest little mouse hole that ever was gnawed in a rich man's closet wall, until one day a great rolling of boxes and furniture over the house, followed by a heavy silence everywhere, foretold a famine in waiting for the members of the Mouse family.

While the moving was going on, Mrs Mouse squeaked out to her children:

"Keep very still, dears, and stay quietly at home, else those terrible noises will strike you on the head and kill you."

So they cuddled closely together until the noises ceased.

"Now, won't we have fun running about, hearing everything!" Open Ears squealed out.

Sharp Eyes squeaked, with a contented wink:

"We can take a peep into all the corners now——"

"And find all the good things to eat," squeaked Greedy Claws, complacently rubbing his nose against Sleeky, who squeaked out, in a meek, little voice:

"Don't muss my coat, Greedy Claws!"

Happy children were these with no thought of the morrow; but Mr. and Mrs. Mouse looked sorrowfully at their children, and then at each other.

"I don't smell anything to eat in the closet!" Mr. Mouse squealed out in doleful tones.

"Nor I!" added Mrs. Mouse, while a pitying tear fell out of her eye down on Greedy Claws' nose.

Greedy Claws lapped his tongue around, took the tear in and swallowed it, squeaking out that he "had had a taste of melted salt."

"Ah, me!" squeaked Mrs. Mouse. "must I feed my poor children on my tears?"

"Come," cheerfully squeaked Mr. Mouse, "the people who have supported us so long, must have left something that will help us to live. Let's hunt all over the house, and see."

So they started out hopefully, and much to their delight found a big piece of fine cheese.

"All stuffed in I of mice from-alive meat!" joyfully squeaked Greedy Claws, when it was shown to him.

And instantly he commenced gnawing it in a very greedy manner.

"My son!" reprovingly squeaked his father "gnaw sparingly—the end of that cheese will be our end if Fortune does not help us."

The solemn squeak thus addressed to Greedy Claws quite frightened him, and he turned away.

But gnaw as sparingly as they would, the cheese disappeared so rapidly that at last Mrs. Mouse would only rub her nose against it, and pick it off, once or twice, at a meal, and declared that these rubbings and nickings satisfied her hunger.

Poor Mrs. Mouse was starving herself to keep life and spirit in her husband and children, but even then the cheese would go.

The last crumb was finally scored by Greedy Claws.

Then for a few days, it seems like centuries to this poor family, for they found nothing to eat.

Greedy Claws became so desperate once he clutched at Sleeky's tail, and commenced gnawing that. But poor Sleeky squeaked so piteously that Greedy Claws squeaked out his sorrow, and wished some one would gnaw him up, for he couldn't live without eating.

One day when they were all huddled together looking wild and haggard, with thin, sharp noses, and weak, flutter tails, Open Ears twitched his ears, and bent his head in a way he had when intently listening.

At once Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, Sharp Eyes, Sleeky, and Greedy Claws,—all squeaked in a breath:

"What do you hear, Open Ears?"

"A key clicking in the front door. Hush!" cautiously squeaked he in reply.

Then all listened, and heard the door bang to, the echo of footsteps; then doors opened and shut till the closet was reached, then Sharp Eyes peeped out and saw a gentleman, who soon disappeared.

Sharp Eyes crept back to the others, and told them what a fine gentleman he had seen.

"He's nice and fat, too," squeaked he, "and must have enough to eat, and crumbs to spare."

"Crumbs!" contemptuously said Greedy Claws. "I want a whole loaf."

That day was full of happy expectations, for every moment they expected to hear the rumbling of furniture over the house, and the noise accompanying it.

But the silence was still there, and that night the darkness was not broken by the flicker of even a lighted candle.

The next day passed the same, and the next, but on the fourth a woman came with brush, bucket, and broom, and commenced cleaning and scrubbing, which quite delighted each one of this poor family, for it meant for them that something to eat is coming into their closet.

And something to eat soon did come into the closet—milk, bread, cheese, cake—everything, in fact, that could tempt the appetite of these lean, starving mice.

Mrs Mouse had grown very weak, and the smell of the cheese and cake quite overpowered her. Her heart beat rapidly, while her eyes looked with dim, eager tenderness on Mr. Mouse and her children.

With a very faint shriek, she again implored them not to rush out into danger but to cling together until all should be quiet and safe.

"You have been very brave and good, my dear," squeaked she, rubbing her nose in a weak way, against Sleeky's side. "Through all of our trials you have been gentle, generous, and very patient."

"Sharp Eyes," continued Mrs. Mouse, "your bright, hopeful way of looking forward and seeing the good that is coming, before it quite reaches us has done my heart good.

"And, Open Ears your attention to small noises and dangers approaching makes me pain of leaving you less, for my strength is gone and now my life is going fast.

"Greedy Claws, try to think less of self, and you will be happier.

"And now, oh, my husband, be good to our children, and do not forget when looking into the bright eyes of some pretty Miss Mouse, that I fed you and our little ones on my love during these terrible days. I—am—[s-t-a-r-v-e-d]."

There was a gasp and a quiver—then the little mouse heart was still.

Sorrow so swept over the listeners that they did not heed the rumbling noises of the furniture coming in—they saw nothing but the still form before them.

"We must carry her to that empty hole in the wall," with a trembling in his voice, squeaked Mr. Mouse. "Come, children, help."

So they dragged poor Mrs Mouse away, and buried her to the best of mouse ability.

Then each, with a sorrowful little squeal of farewell, turned away, and left her.

When they returned, the rich smells from the closet had made the air in the mouse hole almost heavy enough to eat.

Greedy Claws couldn't resist. He tried hard—but at last with a piteous squeak of:

"Oh! my empty stomach!" he crept cautiously out, and soon was nibbling away at the cake, in a most enjoyable fashion.

Sharp Eyes peeped out and with a "It looks so good!" was in a moment by Greedy Claws' side.

Open Ears listened a second—the next—was nibbling too.

Poor Sleeky sat looking sorrowfully at Mr. Mouse for awhile, then, with a sob, she squeaked:

"Papa, if you are to be good to your children, you must be good to yourself, and eat."

"So I must, dear Sleeky," mournfully squeaks Mr Mouse. "I had forgotten every thing but her great love. Come and see how strangely good it will seem to eat."

Almost immediately these two, also, were forgetting their sorrow and enjoying with a strange kind of joy, the pleasures of gnawing good things once more.

Suddenly Open Ears pricked up, in a listening attitude, then Sharp Eyes peered through a crack in the closet door, and with a terrified squeak of "Cat!" darted for home—a hole, the others running swiftly after him—all but Greedy Claws whose stomach was not empty, but so full that he made at such a dangerous time, but slow progress homeward.

The moment that he appeared at the door, Sharp Eyes caught him by one ear, and gave him a quick jerk in.

"There!" squeaked he, "you may thank me that you are alive, Greedy Claws."

But Greedy Claws didn't thank him; instead, he actually snarled and growled in a very spiteful way.

"I've lived with cats around before," squeaked Mr Mouse, "and I'm not afraid of them. Of course, they keep one a little anxious but one needn't tremble and squeal the way you are doing, when you are not caught."

"Papa," squeaked Sharp Eyes, "what made you run when I called 'Cat!' if you weren't afraid?"

"Never question your elders as to their actions or motives, sir," in severe tones squeaked Mr. Mouse.

"Oh! did you hear that?" joyfully squeaked Open Ears. "They've clicked the closet door for the night, I'm sure."

"Then we can eat all night," came with hungry eagerness from the throat of Greedy Claws.

"Mamma and papa know what they were doing when they named you, Greedy Claws!" squeaked up Sharp Eyes. "But," with an impatient switch of his tail, "I'd like to finish that meal, too, that the cat interrupted, and I'm going back to the cheese now."

The next instant his head disappeared through the hole, then away his nimble feet carried him to the feast, unintentionally kind, as the mice soon learned to their sorrow.

Of course his example was followed by Greedy Claws, Open Ears, Sleeky, and last of all cautiously creeping out and looking wildly into the dark corners came good Mr. Mouse.

Soon he swallowed his anxiety, and forgot everything but the golden mountain of cheese before him.

That was a night long to be remembered by the Mouse family. All were so happy that they indulged in a little dance and frolic after the refreshments and like some other dissipaters of larger dimensions, they "didn't go home till morning."

"I feel so stuffy!" came, with a satisfied squeak from Greedy Claws.

"I actually thought my skin would burst," squeaked Sleeky. "It's so long since food has had a chance to crowd me like that. Since our hard times, you know, the smallest gnaw has rolled around inside of us like—like—one mouse in an empty garret!"

Just as Sharp Eyes opened his mouth to give expression to his feelings Open Ears gave him a little clip across the nose with her paw, squeaking:

"Excuse me, but some one is coming, and if they should hear——"

She stopped suddenly and looked so very wise, that she invited silence from all.

Then there was a loud click, the door opened, and some one exclaimed:

"Why! there must be a whole colony of mice around here.—or rats, rather. Half this cake has disappeared and what's left is gnawed all over. Never mind,—Kitty'll go to you the first chance she gets. Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Be a beautiful Kitty now, and eat them all up!"

Then the door was closed, and the Mouse family didn't dare to move.

"Can she get in here?" in a frightened whisper squeaked Greedy Claws to Mr Mouse.

"Too large," squeaked he in assuring tones. "Hope she'll like waiting for lean meat like us."

The cat did not seem to like it very long, for after investigating she concluded she she would call again when the family were taking a promenade. She mewed and mewed, until the door opened, and the cat ran out.

The Mouse family exchanged significant and sympathetic glances.

"Can we breathe now, papa?" squeaked Sleeky, in a very soft way.

"Almost," still softer squeaked Mr. Mouse.

That was a quiet stay-at-home day, but as evening approached, Greedy Claws would venture forth, but this time no one bore him company.

Greedy had been gone some time, when Open Ears pricked up and listened. Then all heard distinctly a spring, then a succession of piteous squeaks, and—Greedy Claws never came home again!

"I'm resolved," squeaked Sharp Eyes, in a very determined way, "to see the murderer of poor Greedy Claws, and then between Open Ears and me, I think we may manage to evade him and enjoy bread and cheese yet awhile longer. I think I'll go now, while the last squeak of our lamented brother is still tingling my ears. But if I should not return, dear papa, give me one clasp of your paw to comfort me in the end."

With almost a tear shining in his beady black eye, Mr. Mouse saw his brave child depart.

Open Ears then pricked up and listened, with trembling anxiety but no sound of distress struck against her ear-drum.

Ah! if her ears could only have been longer, or her power of hearing stronger, for Sharp Eyes is in danger!

Very softly his nimble little feet had carried him along, until he reached the cellar way, and there temptingly before him, stood a nice saucer of milk.

Of course no mouse could pass by such a dish.

Sharp Eyes stopped to take a lap or two, and it was so very good that the little tongue dipped in and out eager and fast, forgetting everything but the pleasant taste of the milk.

At last he turned a little, and saw crouched down near him, just ready to spring, a great big cat, very like himself in the color of his coat.

"Oh! it's one of those dreadful Maltese cats, that's so hard to see in the dark," thought he.

The cruel white teeth gleamed at him like so many daggers, and the great eyes, shining like two balls of fire, seemed to burn his very heart out—so hot and frightened had it grown, after the sweet content that had filled it a moment before.

Darting wildly down the stairs, falling in his blind terror half the distance, stunned and bruised, running for his very life, yet so closely followed by the cat that every moment the thought made his little brain ache.

"Oh! she'll snap at me now—now!"

And when he staggered an instant, under the weight of his fright, the snap came.

Happy cat and most miserable mouse! For the cat, after the manner of her race, would cheat Sharp Eyes into the belief that he had escaped death, by frequently letting him go, then, with a quick spring, and a dig of her sharp claws into his flesh, she would make him prisoner again.

The mouse is not constituted to thrive through such treatment, consequently it was not long before the sharp eyes lost their brightness. They dulled, and glazed over, as the fear and terror went out of the little body in the last quiver of the flesh.

Then the cat ate her mouse steak, purred her content, looked around with eager sharpness to see if she couldn't have another game of "run and catch" with this mouse's relatives. But, fortunately, they were beyond her reach, and seemingly very happy.

Shortly after Sharp Eyes had left them, Open Ears heard the closet door click, a squeak of boots near their nest, the setting down of a plate, then the click of the door again.

Feeling that all was safe, she looked out and much to her delight saw a fine pie all sprinkled over with sugar.

"O papa!" she squeaked, in her highest, happiest key, "here's a great big pie close to our door, and nobody around. Come, papa, come, Sleeky, let's have a jolly time and eat it up!"

"We'll save some gnaws for Open Ears, shan't we, papa!" gently squeaked Sleeky.

"Oh, yes, of course," squeaked Mr. Mouse, in reply, between the first eager gnaws into the delicious and fatal repast. Fatal, because not only cat nature, but human nature, seemed determined to put an end to the incessant gnawings in the closet.

In all innocence the happy little mice were making merry over their death feast, as the sugar on the pie was well mixed with arsenic.

Mr. Mouse, Sleeky, and Open Ears gnawed on in happy unconsciousness that each gnaw brought them nearer and nearer to death. But the poison soon made them feel queer and sick; then, as it took stronger hold, they felt queerer and sicker than they ever had felt before.

All puffed up, and, with an inward burning, they dropped out of life into death.

Their gnawings, their squealings, their funny little active ways were ended.

In the small house, whose walls have held enclosed so much hunger, so much mirth, and so much sadness, black silence now broods, and hard times will come to them no more.

RULES OF HEALTH FOR MARRIED LADIES.—Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stoves, take up the ashes, sweep the front sidewalk, and scrub the front steps, nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fires, grind the coffee, get out your husband's things to warm, see the shirt is red, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving that brute of a lady husband, and dry the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, as you like your breakfast cold. After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing)—nurse the baby, draw the baby in his wagon five or six miles for the benefit of his health, nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes, and the cabbage (nurse the baby) and the corned beef, (don't forget to nurse the baby) and the turnips and (nurse the baby) sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the castors, change the table cloth, (here, that baby wants nursing) eat your dinner cold again, and—nurse the baby. After dinner, wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak, nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls, interspersed with nursing the baby; draw the baby a mile or two; hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some codfish, cut some dried beef. Catnip tea for baby's internal disarrangement; hold the baby an hour to quiet him; put some alcohol in the meter; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take yours cold, as usual. After tea, wash up the dishes; put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar, (gracious how the sugar does go—and thirteen cents a pound;) get down the stockings and darn them; keep on nursing the baby; wait up till twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes with a deuce of difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the back yard. Drag him up stairs to bed; then nurse the baby and go to sleep. Woman in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them. M. S.

ONLY ONE.—One squalling child will spoil an entire evening. One new bonnet will make a woman happy. One little flirt can make twenty nine girls uncomfortable. One aching tooth will cause a heart to ache to utter misery. One shower of rain will ruin a new hat. One fit of indigestion causes a man to wish he were an ostrich.

VENUS OF THE KRADLE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O, Maryanne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silky labor,
Of seamstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbor!

Those eyes, forever drooping, give
The long brown lashes rarely;
But violets in the shadows live—
For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough
Of looks so long and earnest?
Lo, here's more 'genetrable stuff,"
To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!
How slender and how nimble!
O might I wind their skeins of thread,
Or but pick up their thimble!

How blest the youth whom love shall bring
And happy stars embolden,
To change the dome into a ring,
The silver into golden!

Who'll steal some morning to her side,
To take her finger's measure,
While Maryanne pretends to chide,
And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who'll watch her sew her wedding gown,
Well conscious that it is her's;
Who'll glean a tress without a frown,
With these so ready scissors.

Who'll taste those ripenings of the South,
The fragrant and delicious?
Don't put the pins into your mouth,
O Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it were my trust
To teach how shocking that is;
I wish I had not, as I must,
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, flattering foe,
Across a street so narrow;
A thread of silk to bend his bow,
A needle for his arrow!

GREAT EATERS.

THE Roman Emperor Maximinus, originally a Thracian peasant (he was eight feet high), despatched daily at his dinner forty pounds of beef, nineteen bottles of wine. He expanded to such a size in consequence that his wife's bracelets served him for rings to his fingers But all these cases sink into nothing when compared with the disease of the Emperor Vitellius. He made four meals a day, and took an emetic between each, that he might more easily unload his stomach, and be ready for a fresh onslaught. He was so insatiable that during the pontifical sacrifices he was often seen to snatch the animals' entrails from the fire half baked and devour them in presence of the assembled crowd. He invited himself to friends' houses, who trembled when the imperial visit was announced, for he made them entertain him so sumptuously that ruin often ensued. A single feast swallowed up a year's rental. His brother once treated him with two hundred fishes, several thousand singing birds, all delicate and scarce. The expenses of his table amounted to thirty-four million twenty thousand dollars in the space of four months. The moderns cannot quite reach the mark of the ancients, but they have nevertheless exhibited some memorable feats in mastication. A French author says he saw a man eat, without pausing to take breath, a loin of veal, a capon, and two woodcocks, with four pounds of bread. The Tunguisians, of Asiatic Russia, are to-day good eaters. A gentleman lately among them says: "We had heard of their enormous appetites; we had now ocular demonstration of it. One of our Tunguisians had been sent back on an errand. The two others sat down to their supper. First they made away with a gallon kettle of tea. Then they prepared a four quart pailful of boiled fish and soup. Just as this was despatched their comrade returned, and the pail was twice filled with boiled beef, all of which was devoured by the three, the bones being cracked for the marrow. They then rinsed out the pail, and cooked it full of a kind of mush, which went the way of the fish and beef. They then fell upon dried salmon, devouring even the skin, after boiling it over the fire. Then they built their own camp fire and began to cook another meal. We did not keep any account of the dishes, but the last thing we heard after retiring was the cracking of the beef bones to get at the marrow." A traveler through Asia tells us that a number of horses had been once sent to Ajan, under charge of six Cossacks. One of the horses broke his leg and had to be killed. At evening the six Cossacks sat down to the carcass, and in the morning there was nothing left of it but the hide and bones. Even the head and entrails were eaten. For six men to eat a horse is good eating even for modern times. In 1812 a countryman on a bet devoured at a meal, by measurement, as much tripe as would make him a jacket. Another, not to be outdone, beat him by a waistcoat and vest of the same material. The last Duke of Montague had a tenant whose powers were unrivalled. He challenged all England to a contest. A Norfolk bumpkin entered the lists and was beaten. The duke was at dinner when his special messenger came with news of the issue. He ordered him at once, and demanded particulars.

"They began," said the messenger, "on two equal rounds of beef, one of which each dispatched in less than two hours They then took two large legs of mutton, and in the middle of his the Englishman broke down and gave in."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the duke.

"Our man then," finally added the envoy, "ate a goose."

Napoleon Bonaparte deserves a notice here, if not for the great amount he ate, certainly for his manner and time of eating. His supper-time was six o'clock, but he often failed to appear before seven, eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken or some other article was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes by order of the cook, who knew his habits. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of a hero; they certainly were not those of a gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks, as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, but helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy.

Voltaire relates that Charles Gustavus of Sweden was engaged in the siege of Prague when a peasant of most appalling aspect, with tusks like a wild boar, desired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king and his suite, to devour a whole hog of two hundred pounds weight. An old general, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, and fearless before the enemy, retained some of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the boor ought to be burned as a sorcerer.

"Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the suggestion, "if his majesty will but make that little old gentleman take off his sword and spurs I will eat him in your presence before I begin at the pig."

The general, who at the head of his brigade had performed wonders against the Austrians, could not face this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and unnatural expression of the fellow's jaws, without uttering a word he wheeled around and ran out of the tent, and thought himself unsafe until he reached his own quarters, when he double-locked himself in for twenty-four hours before he could shake off the panic which had so completely unmanned him.

Grains of Gold.

Deliver commands with mildness.

True repentance is known by its fruit.

Take heed of whom you speak, and to whom.

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

We seldom heartily praise any but those who admire us.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

When you meet with a noisy disputant, never contradict him.

Immoderate care is a spiritual canker that doth waste and dispirit

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

We are not called upon to exercise judgment so much as mercy and love.

The truly great have never been destitute of some proper sense of religion.

Money may be the root of all evil, but little good can be effected without its aid.

Nothing is ever done beautiful which is done in rivalship, nor nobly, which is done in pride.

People do not need to know more about virtue, but rather to practice what they already know.

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

A modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence to other people's, preserve dignity.

Either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

There is no better reward than the approval of our own conscience. It is worth more than all others together

To form true men, it is indispensable that this precept should be engraven on their hearts: Fear nothing but remorse.

Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

Ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valor and beauty, contributes to their augmentation.

Holiness consists simply of two things, two endeavors—the endeavor to know God's will, and the endeavor to do it when we know it.

Never tell a story against yourself; for most people will repeat it to your discredit without mentioning your virtue of frankness in telling it.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried, and smelted, and polished, and glorified through the furnace of affliction.

We seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

If there be a pleasure on earth, which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress.

Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

The most insignificant person in the world fancies himself a man of consequence, and of course entitled to respect. Be careful, therefore, of what you do and say.

Chesterfield says: I do not know of any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life, as to unite gentleness of manners with firmness of mind.

If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

Happiness is much more equally divided than most of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials.

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and, in the burden and heat of the day, they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

We say to every boy and girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen as well as the parlor, and you will be sure to act in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

He who diffuses the most happiness and mitigates the most distress within his own circle, is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greater part of the misery of the world cease in a moment

While in the world never forget that many a man, if he had been sheltered in childhood from the bleak winds of adversity, and mild and enlivening gales had played on his brow, would have afforded an example of truth and generosity and honor, who now, from the stress of temptation, has sunk into meanness, lying, robbery and outrage.

Femininities.

Women are much oftener too short than too tall.

With some, to scold is chronic. Life is one long fret.

No young girl should dress in velvets, laces, and jewels fit for a dowager.

Pale, invalid women should not wear diamonds nor flashing jewelry ornaments.

Some of the new boots for ladies button very far back at the side, behind the anklebone.

Women are less given to suicide than men are, and married people less than the unmarried.

Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age, but fewer afterwards.

Vermont women can now hold the office of Town Clerk, if they can secure votes enough to elect 'em.

The more good clothes a lady has, the easier it is to induce her to act as a director in a charitable object.

Never own a woman right; for if you once do it, she will go wrong all the rest of her life on the conceit of it.

If you want your children to be graceful, let them be unconscious; if you want them to be healthy, let them be sufficiently warm.

A lady being asked what had enabled her so long to retain her youthful feelings, replied, "Soap, water, and a clear conscience."

In Holland the traveler sees Dutch women glide along on their skates to market, at a terrific pace and without any apparent effort.

Ladies whom nature has not favored with fleshiness should adopt loose rather than tight-fitting garments, and subdued rather than gaudy colors.

Demonstrative gentlemen should be thoughtful when in shaking hands with a lady they observe she has tight-fitting gloves that may easily be broken.

It would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There isn't a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed.

Some men are captivated by a woman's laughs, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.

The piety of old women is often a decent way of escaping the disgrace and ridicule attendant on decayed beauty; an endeavor to continue themselves upon a respectable footing.

A policeman has been fined ten dollars for "kissing a woman in the street." The officer claims that the act was one of self-defence, as the woman "toyed with his brass buttons and playfully pushed him."

"Why, I'm so glad you've come. Did you know that I've been worrying about you, John, all the evening?" "That's just what I married you for It is pleasant to think that there is some one home worrying about you."

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridesmaids named her the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

A young woman with a bad temper and a worse method of teaching, punished a schoolboy in Ohio, one day last week, by rubbing coal ashes in his mouth Another mode of enforcing discipline which she favors is putting soap in her scholars' mouths.

An English paper tells a story of a Dutch girl who, while skating in London, was knocked down by an Englishman, and revenged herself by following him about and just touching his skate with the long end of hers, upsetting him every time.

A Westerner paper wonders if Mrs Garfield will emulate the example of all ladies time out of mind and declare that the White House is the worst looking house she ever saw, and insinuate that that Hayes woman wasn't much of a housekeeper any way.

"Mother," said the seven year old son of an energetic mother, as he watched her vigorous manipulation of a kitchen utensil, "you ought not to go to heaven." "Why not, my son?" in a surprised manner. "Because you would wear out your harp before eternity was half over," was the quiet reply of the young philosopher.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "you are big enough now to be of some use. It may make you mad to tell you of it. I am going to discharge the washer-woman. 'Wring out, wild belles!' is to be the motto in this house." And visions of parboiled hands running the scales on a washboard instead of a piano filled before the minds of those sad daughters.

An Ontario woman had a quick, bad temper. Her son, aged ten, enraged her by disobedience, and in her excitement she caught up a revolver and shot him. Seeing that he was dead, she was overwhelmed with remorse, and resolved upon suicide. First, however, she killed her baby. Then she cut her own throat, but lived long enough to tell the story.

A Chicago young lady, who says that she is twenty-eight, is not ill-looking and is an only daughter, whose father made his will in her favor, also says that when girls in fashionable society get tired of their set they do not want to marry young men of that circle, but really look out for poor young men who do not care for dancing parties, and who want to stay at home for the rest of their lives.

Budaeus, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, and the librarian of Francis I. of France, was engaged in deep study in his library, when his servant came running to him in great fright to tell him that the house was on fire. "Go," said Budaeus, with perfect calmness and hardly raising his eyes from the book, "and inform your mistress; 'tis her concern; you know I never interfere in domestic matters."

A slight railway accident recently detained a bridal party a few hours, and during the interval the bride had leisure to find out that she loved the best man better than the groom This she confessed with humiliation and tears, but with firmness and dispatch. The groom argued the point for an hour, and finally handed her over to his friend with the words: "Take her, old boy She is yours by Divine right. If she cannot be my wife, I would rather see her yours than be a king myself."

News Notes.

Poke bonnets of medium size will be worn again.

Hanging hat racks are formed of deer's antlers.

Ball ear rings in rolled gold are very fashionable.

Strawberries are to be had in New York—$5 a quart.

A Mississippian plants 15 000 acres in cotton every year

An English lawyer in large practice may earn $100,000 a year.

In Virginia seventy raccoons were found in one hollow tree.

Handsome silver jewelry is becoming as fashionable as gold.

A society of volunteer missions gives music in London hospitals.

An enterprising publisher advertises sermons at two cents apiece.

Since the construction of bridges in Scotland few pearls have been found.

The Chinaman is coming into vogue as a lackey in some of the monster stores of Paris.

The census returns from Pennsylvania show an excess of females over males of about 10 000

Two fine rings on the fingers of one hand look better than both hands loaded with flashing diamonds.

The four principal hospitals of Paris were recently supplied with libraries of novels and general reading.

A Washington correspondent says it is eight years since a Senator was seen in his seat intoxicated.

Persons who carry canes and umbrellas horizontally under their arms are dangerous nuisances in the streets.

Some of the new straw bonnets are wonderfully light and airy, and are studded with mock-pearl and jet beads.

The Merchants' Club, of Boston, have voted to tender a complimentary dinner to their wives and lady friends.

General Sherman, who is 61 says he enjoys being as old as he is, because he feels privileged to kiss all the pretty girls.

When Senator Sharon made his appearance recently in Washington the doorkeepers of the Senate did not know him.

The gum on some letter envelopes is said to have seriously poisoned a physician in Orange county, New York, a few days ago.

Among rude tribes in American, Africa, and Australia, it is forbidden that a man should look at his mother-in-law, or speak to her

Navy chaplains receive $2 500 a year, $300 additional for each five years of service, and at sixty two they are retired with $2 500 for life.

Several Sisters of the Protestant Episcopal Order of St. Margaret, from England, have assumed charge of a hospital in New York.

The grandson of the Tyrolean patriot, Hofer, shot by order of Napoleon I., has recently gone mad from the excessive use of tobacco

A Cincinnati policeman has brought suit for $25 000 damages against seven men who assaulted and beat him while in the discharge of his duties.

California wine growers say that the wine produced in that State will ere long drive French wines out of the market in the Eastern States.

The heroine of a recent English novel is described as a lady with a "Junonesque figure" and a diaphonous skin, whose drapery fits her "without dissemble.

Several citizens of Little Rock thought it beneath their dignity to help haul a fire engine to a fire in that city, and have been arrested for their refusal.

The Canadian ladies are striving to get 100 000 signatures to their address to be presented to Queen Victoria on her birthday, and attesting their continued loyalty.

The French Minister of War is to present to each regiment of the army a painting representing the most notable deed of arms to be found in their histories since 1790

One of two men in Arkansas who had quarreled was at the moment proffering his hand in token of a desire to be friendly, when the other shot him. A mob hanged the murderer.

The wife of an Ohio man obtained a divorce from him on the ground of drunkenness and cruelty, and on the following day, won over by his promise of reform, she remarried him.

An Ohio man experienced religion not long ago, and made restitution for a theft committed eighteen years before. The value of stolen article with interest for eighteen years, was just $1.50.

A Methodist pastor said to his congregation in Ontario that if certain members persisted in attending dancing-parties they must withdraw from the church. Six persons instantly stood up and asked for dismissal.

A leading resident of a New York village went to Utica with his wife on a shopping tour. After finishing their purchases the husband deposited them in his vehicle and drove off home, leaving his wife in the store, forgetting to take her home.

Painting upon dresses has not yet developed here to any appreciable extent, but there are signs that the taste is growing On the stage the effects of painting on satin and silk, and even on baser fabrics, are sufficiently obvious. Pictures upon thin woven materials are common among the Japanese.

ONE DOLLAR EXPANDED Now in purchasing a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant, by those troubled with a slight Cough or Hoarseness, or Sore Throat, may save the expense of a doctor's bill. A neglected Cough often ends in Consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the wind-tubes, the usual symptoms of which are Sore Throat and a Pain in the Breast, frequently leads to Bronchitis. A day's delay may entail months of suffering. Better try at once Jayne's Expectorant, a standard remedy, whose curative properties have been tested and approved by thousands.

FLIRTATION.

I think I see her at her window now,
The pretty girl who lives across the way—
She with the lovely bang upon her brow,
And eyes that shine in such a roguish way;
She with the coral lips and rosy cheeks,
And look that's so good-natured, though it's part
I mean the girl with whom, for two long weeks,
I've done my very level best to flirt.
And all the fellows in the neighborhood
Are just as "gone" on her as they can be;
It doesn't seem to do them any good.
If I could "mash" her, how they'd envy me.
I think she sees me, but I'm not quite sure;
I wish the avenue was not so wide;
Perhaps a recognition I'll secure,
If I make signs to her. It shall be tried!
I wave my handkerchief. By Jove, I've won!
She at the window stands, and waves to me
Her handkerchief. Oh, this is lots of fun!
I wish the fellows were around to see.
And, oh! I wish the streets were narrower;
I'd like to see her face. She bows quite low,
A kiss immediately I throw to her.
By Jove; my opera-glass! It will, I know,
Enable me to see her very clear.
I seize it! Take a look! Oh, what an ass
I've been! I hope I've not been seen! Oh, dear!
'Tis some maid washing off the window-glass! —S. P.

The World of Humor.

To make a maltese cross—Tread on her tail.

A hungry man longs to eat, and a glutton eats too long.

We have heard some people say they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.

It is only a school boy who can enjoy bad health; and even he must have it bad enough to keep him out of school.

A man who wants a partner with cash capital, says there is money in his business. The trouble is to get it out.

A little girl six years old, after gazing out on a cloudy evening, said, "Mamma, there isn't a single star in bloom."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," as the man said when he put a brass band round the neck of his bull dog.

The Pilgrim fathers declared kissing on Sunday to be wicked. They were bound a man should kiss his wife at least once a week.

Whenever you hear a man asking if life is worth the living, you can make up your mind that he indorsed a bill, and had to pay it.

Young man, don't try to forget your identity and become somebody else, for the other chap is almost sure to be an inferior person.

Beauties of politics: If Heaven were run on the American plan, there would straightway be a caucus to see who should be gate keeper.

Filkins complained that nobody else could do anything like him, but on investigation it turned out that Filkins could do nothing like anybody else.

"My darling," said he, "what a delicious taste your lips have!" Then she sprang up and yelled, "Goodness, John, you have been eating my lip-salve!"

It was a man of considerable means who said, when thrown from his horse, that, although not in a very comfortable position, yet he considered himself pretty well off.

Mrs. Coodle was telling Jane that the potatoes had an oniony smell, when that monster Coodle suggested that perhaps they had been cooked in a saucepan with a leak in it.

All the men in an entire county in Minnesota turned out on a wolf-hunt lately. The result was thirty-six dog fights and the capture of a fellow who had run away from his wife.

A milkman may have a habit of stopping daily near the river, and not excite suspicion; but when we find his little boy fishing for minnows in the milk-cans, we begin to have our doubt.

A Cork paper publishes the following erratum: "The words printed 'pigs and cows' in Mr Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have read pros and cons."

An Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.

Why do Hop Bitters cure so much? Because they give good digestion, rich blood, and healthy action of all the organs.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel, and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah," sighed a dandy, standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," said the young lady, "you'll grow."

The Egyptians look with suspicious eyes on the electric telegraph. They say the telegrams are borne along the wires by the spirits of wicked Musulmans, who, after death, are doomed, for their sins, to carry the unholy messages of the infidel.

"If misfortune comes to a man's door what is he to do?" asked one friend of another. "Treat it pleasantly," was the reply, "and it will pass on; it can't abide agreeable company."

A citizen went into a hardware store the other day, and inquired: "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?" "Three dollars and seventy-five cents," was the reply. "W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer, "Guess we'll have to keep on washing the baby in the coal scuttle till prices come down."

A gentleman not unknown in literary circles was present at one of the Pope's receptions. The holy father approached him and said, "You are an American. Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" "Holy father," responded our friend, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Protestant. I am a journalist."

The mysteries of a baby's toilette were altogether new to a little four-year-old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dressing of his little cousin. When the little powder box was open, and the fluffy brush was about to be used underneath the baby's chin, he exclaimed, "Oh, aunty, let me see you salt her!"

A man recently froze one of his feet in a stocking factory. The question naturally arises, what are stockings made for, anyhow? Judging from what a friend told us the other day, when the wind blew so hard, we believe they are made more for show than service. This is merely an opinion from hearsay, and not experience.

The son of a merchant lately returned from his studies at a business college. A friend of the merchant was asking the old gentleman if the boy had improved his opportunities. "I should say he had," was the reply. "He can imitate anybody's handwriting, and is so expert at figures that I'm afraid to let him touch the books."

A man who don't fraternize with the members of the Temperance Corps, suggested to his wife, who was in delicate health, that it would be well to bring up their infant son on a bottle. "No, no! James," said she, bursting into tears, 'not on the bottle! Oh, no! Just look at your own nose, James!" and she wept convulsively.

The Shuttle family were quietly enjoying the Sunday afternoon dinner. "Job, my dear," said his wife, wreathed in smiles, "I wish you had been at church this morning. Mr. Goodwill was very interesting, and then he prayed for the absent ones'—— "Well, that accounts for it, then. Really, I ain't caught such a string of 'ems for a year as I did this morning!"

Did you ever see a woman slip down? Of course you never looked, but then you've seen them. She don't flourish around like an intoxicated jumping-jack, filling the air with arms and bad words, as a man does; but she simply abbreviates, like a crushed hat or a patent-drinking-cup, while you stand by and wonder you never noticed that hole in the sidewalk before.

It was proposed to erect a monument in the village square to the Father of his Country, and the Squire was called on for a liberal donation. "I can't give you anything this time," he said, "but you know that I always carry Washington in my heart." "Well," said the man with the subscription paper, "all I can say is that you've got the Father of his Country in a very tight spot."

A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: "When a lethargic feeling pervades your system; when you have a disinclination to move about; when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive." This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were lazy when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was inactive.

A man, whose morning dram had been too much for him, in saddling his horse got his saddle wrong and foremost. Just as he was about to mount a neighbor came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said, "Never you mind the saddle. How do you know which way I am going?" And he looked daggers at the officious neighbor.

A boy invented a brake that would instantly stop his sled. The brake was a success, but the boy didn't invent a brake to stop himself. When the sled stopped the first time he applied the sled brake, while flying down hill at the rate of a mile a minute, he kept on going some time after the sled stopped, and got his mouth and ears full of snow, and lost some skin from eighteen to twenty spots. He will give the brake to the boy he hates.

On Wednesday night about eight o'clock an inebriated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. The lamp post contained a mail-box, and the man had apparently stood there for some time. As a reporter had occasion to pass the man, he said to him: "Ho lo, there! what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and I'm blamed if the car has started yet."

The True Orange Belt

SUGGESTIONS AS TO CLIMATE AND SOIL SUITABLE FOR THIS FRUIT.—The interest in orange culture is increasing every year, and many persons in Kentucky are contemplating purchasing land in Florida, and putting out orange groves. It is of the utmost importance that they should select a locality as nearly frost-proof as possible so they do not get out of range of transportation. The idea is to be as near the St. John's river or some railroad as is consistent with freedom from frost. The recent cold spell, which struck Florida, furnishes a valuable guide to persons who think of locating in that beautiful State. We have now definite advices from there, and it appears that at Jacksonville the oranges were frozen on the trees; at Fruit Cove, on the St. John's, the oranges were badly damaged; at Mandarin (Mrs. Stowe's famous place of residence) the oranges were hurt and several parties lost their entire crop. At Palatka, the oranges were greatly injured; at Crescent City the oranges on the south side of the trees escaped. But we observed that at De Land, Orange City, and the vicinity, "no orange lemon or lime trees were injured, nor was the fruit on the trees the least damaged." The guavas were a little scorched, and likewise the bananas but the staple fruits were all right. This is the section of Florida which we have commended to the favorable notice of prospective settlers of that State. The cheapness of the lands, the proximity of the St. John's river, the character of the soil, the immunity from frost and the healthfulness of the climate, as well as the excellence of the drinking water, speak volumes in its favor. Several Louisville people have settled in that quarter, and they speak in glowing terms of their prospects. The region is rapidly filling up with a desirable class of people, and it will emphatically be the "garden spot" of the State. There are lands in the neighborhood of Orange City, Spring Garden, De Land, and Beresford, which offer every condition of successful orange growing, and we do parties who meditate going to Florida a kindly act by inviting their attention to this section. They will save a great deal of money by going directly there, and not wandering vaguely all over the State. A stranger in Florida may settle in a very unhealthy spot, he may locate on land unfit for fruit culture; he may settle too near the frost line, or he may get too far from transportation. This section of the State which we recommend fulfills all the conditions of soil, climate, frost exemption and nearest to market. Good schools, and post-offices, churches, stores, physicians and agreeable society are now found there. And a region which a few years ago was an almost unbroken pine forest is now being converted into orange groves with handsome cottage residences everywhere visible—a pleasant and beautiful picture.—[Louisville Commercial.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

It is impossible to remain long sick or out of health where Hop Bitters are used. See another column.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

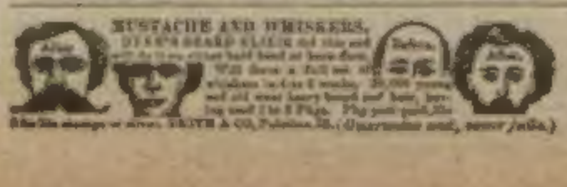
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.
If you are young and discretion or dissipated or single, old or poor health or languish ness, rely on Hop
Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.
Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters
If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.
suffering from any infirmity; if you are married or young, suffering from ing on a bed of sickness, Hop Bitters.
Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of HopBitters
D. I. C.
is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.
Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.
HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

St Nicholas for March.

Mademoiselle Adelina Patti;
AGED EIGHT YEARS.
The Wonderful Child Prima Donna!

A wonderfully rich number, brilliantly illustrated, containing Mrs Oliphant's paper on "Lady Jane Grey," "Recollections of a Little Prima Donna" etc., etc. Sold everywhere; price 25 cents
SCRIBNER & CO., New York



DR. RADWAY'S.

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick nervous; Sleeplessness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

FREE

25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a 3c stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 29, 24 & 26 4th Avenue, New York.

CARDS 10 Lily & Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & Engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all, 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

30 Happy Day, Chromo, Lace, &c. Cards, with name & morocco case 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

FLORIDA.

Revised Descriptive Circular

—OF—

DeLAND, - - FLORIDA.

JANUARY 8, 1881.

The Village of DeLand is located five miles east of our Landing, on the St. John's River, where all river steamboats pass very near the Geographical Center, north and south, of Volusia County, and almost in the center of the

Great Orange Belt

This place is about two and a half miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and is almost constantly favored with a tempered

Sea Breeze,

and from its elevation above the river, its location among the pines, and its isolation from all standing water, it is peculiarly adapted to the necessities of invalids.

This belt of land is about twenty miles long, and averages about five miles wide, is gently undulating, and, in our immediate vicinity, somewhat hilly. Our lands are

Unsurpassed in Fertility

by any pine region in the State. In our village, which is only four years old, we have a

Fine School Building,

used also for Union Sunday school and church services.

We have daily mails, three general merchandise stores, one of the largest in south Florida, a drug store, millinery and notion store,

The Florida Agriculturist,

a large eight-page weekly paper. A railroad from our Landing, via DeLand, to the Atlantic Coast, is chartered and work commenced; also material on hand for a railroad to our Landing. Our boarding houses afford a good fare at reasonable prices.

For the information of invalids, we will add that several good physicians are settled in our midst, cultivating orange as a business, but affording excellent medical aid when required. They report the following

Remarkable Health Record:

"During the years of 1878 1879 and 1880, within a circuit of six miles, or one meter, DeLand being the center, with a population averaging over 250, many of whom came here invalids, there has been but four deaths. Two were infants under six months, and two were men who came here sick."

A Chain of Lakes

northwest of us affords protection from frost so perfect that the extreme cold of Dec 29, 1880 did not injure our orange trees or fruit.

We are offering these choice lands to actual settlers at from ten to thirty dollars per acre. Village lots and improved property for sale also. For further particulars call on, or address,

J. Y. PARCE,

DeLAND, Volusia Co, Florida.

H. A. DeLAND,

Fairport, Monroe Co, N. Y.

Before Answering an Advertisement in this Paper or any Other, Send for

100 U. S. POSTALS FREE!

SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, POSTAGE PREPAID FREE, WITH YOUR NAME AND BUSINESS ELEGANTLY PRINTED THEREON. SEND 10 CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE IMMENSE ENTERPRISING POPULAR AND FEARLESS AGENTS HERALD. SAMPLE PRINTED POSTAL CARD FULL PARTICULARS CIRCULARS AGENTS TERMS AND LARGE ILLUSTRATED COLORED PRICE LIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND WONDERFUL INVENTION.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

AGENTS HERALD, Drawer 528—717 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

GENTS:—The elegantly-printed postal cards ordered of you the 1st inst came to hand to day THANKS for your liberality. I am delighted with them. Your plan will save the Agents of this country thousands of dollars. Please print and send free of charge 100 to my agent friend, whose address I enclose. Yours, etc, D. H. MADISON.

Do Your Own Printing!

$3 Press for cards, &c. Self-inker $5. Larger sizes for business use, pleasure, boys. Type setting easy by printed instruction. Great money saver and money maker. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, etc., to manufrs.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

$50 A MONTH! We will pay any active person $50 a month and expenses to distribute circulars for us and sell our goods. $5 a month and expenses to distribute circulars only. NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. Salary paid monthly; expenses in advance. We have the best selling goods in the world; no novelties or slap traps. Sample package of our goods, full particulars, and contract free. Send 18c. for postage and packing. No postals.

GEO. S. STRICKLER & CO., Madison, Wis.

102 YOUR NAME in New Type on 102 Chromos, 10c. All new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Panels, Water Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 20c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. AMERICAN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

TONECTAR A medicinal Tonic or Nerve Cures Dyspepsia. Debility, Nervousness, Lung Diseases, Liver Complaint, etc. It has no equal and is superior to all the bitters ever made. Register's Liniment is superior to all others. A trial will convince. F. Register, Prop'r, 824 S. 8th St., Phila., Pa. Agents wanted for these great remedies. 150 per cent. profit. Write for particulars.

ANY GENT or Lady that sends us their address will receive something FREE by mail that may prove the stepping stone to a life of success. It is especially adapted to those who have reached the foot of the hill. Address M. YOUNG, 173 GREENWICH STREET, New York.

TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, to H. EICKHORN, No. 4, St. Mark's Place, New York.

$105 A MONTH and EXPENSES, SELLING CIGARS to DEALERS. Sample Free. Send Three Cent Stamp for Return Postage. Address A. FOSTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Mailed FREE—A highly valuable Illustrated treatise on many diseases incidental to both sexes, which render life miserable. Prescriptions for cure, etc. Address DR. EARL, 171 Hudson St., N. Y.

ORGANS $30 to $1000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos $125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

30 ALL Lovely Moss Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agent's sample book including GOLD 20. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

50 All gold, silver, shell, motto and floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c. Agt's sample book 25c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

FREE 8 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. WORLD MFG. CO. 121 NASSAU STREET N. Y.

50 Cards, Chromo, Motto, Rose, &c., all new style, name on 10c. Agt's samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

50 Gilt Edge French Chromos and assorted cards, beautiful designs, with name in gold, 10c. Agents outfit, 10c. Canton Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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PRINTING PRESSES, TYPES and Material. Send two 3c. stamps for catalogue. H. O. Woods, 49 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

102 Cards no 2 alike Chromos, Flowers Birds, Animals, &c., name 10c. Victor Co. Northford, Ct.

50 Fancy Cards 10c, gilt & bevel edge cards a specialty. price list free. The Forest Card Co. Northford, Ct.

6 LOVE Letters, 36 Illustrated Escort Cards & Popular songs assorted, all 10c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

MUSICAL WONDER—the marvellous Organina. Theo. J. Harbach, 1228 Chestnut St. Phila., Pa.

50 New Style Cards, 10c. 25 New Bird Chromos 10c. name on style book, 25c. J. H. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

80 Landscape, Chromo Cards, etc, name on, 10c. 20 Gilt Edge Cards, 10c. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

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20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name 10c, post-paid. E. I. REED & Co., Fresno, N. Y.

DIAMONDS

SUPERSEDED BY THE WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS.

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS.

A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!
DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." Diamante Brilliants were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interwined with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. Diamante Brilliants can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only Perfect Substitute for Diamonds of the first water. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

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"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of Diamante Brilliants is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone. The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. They never are seen to an APPRECIATED. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Studs and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. So much for their value, as we have them entirely unrestricted.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please every body in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers decidedly more attraction than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day. THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY Advertisement. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for THE POST.

TERMS:—The Post, one year, and your choice of the Premiums, as a sample, to any address in the United States on receipt of $2 and nineteen 2-cent stamps prior to April 30, 1881. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. THE POST has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. ☞ All premiums will be withdrawn May 1st, 1881.—Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of THE POST to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

John Wanamaker.

DRY GOODS

If you cannot visit the city, send to us by postal card for *Housekeeper's Price List*, and *Underwear Price List*.

for

JANUARY

and

FEBRUARY

This is the particular season in which to get and prepare Housekeeping Dry Goods—Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, Towels, etc. It is also the season for Ladies' Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

We fill orders by letter from every State and Territory at same prices charged customers who visit the store, and allow same privilege of return.

The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

Piano or Organ playing learned in ONE DAY!

MASON'S CHART. A child 10 years old can understand it perfectly.

This most wonderful invention has been before the public (in its perfected form) but a short time and its sales have been immense, which is the surest test of its unparalleled merit; and orders are received from every country on the globe. It is a new theory, and a decided departure from the old method. **Mason's Chart** fits over the keys of a Piano or Organ, indicating exactly where and how the hands are to be placed, and the proper keys to strike, changing its position and arrangement to suit the key in which the piece is written that you wish to play. *They are perfectly infallible in their results. If you can read you can play the Piano or Organ in one day* better than years of hard work you in the old way. If you have no Piano you can learn at your friend's house, and astonish all with your knowledge. DEXTER SMITH, the editor of the leading Musical Paper in the world, says: "*They should find a place in every house, whether there is a Piano or Organ or not. They are to Music what the Multiplication Table is to Arithmetic.*" It gives decided satisfaction to every one. It cannot do otherwise serving as it does, a *Needed Want* so well, and in its *great simplicity* lies its *unequalled success.* MUSIC TEACHERS THEMSELVES UNHESITATINGLY RECOMMEND IT. The price is *one dollar* for a complete set (4 forms) and includes payment of postage by us. **$7 per doz. to Agents,** or the *trade* by express. **Special offer,** to every purchaser of MASON CHARTS who will state in what paper they saw the advertisement, and will agree to show the charts to their friends we will give as a FREE PRESENT our **Music Album** with 18 pieces of choice music, instrumental and vocal. Those wishing the Album sent by mail prepaid will enclose 10 cents extra, otherwise send by express. No one will regret learning to play the Piano or Organ, it is the greatest of all accomplishments. Address **C. H. Spaulding & Co., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.,** Agents.

EUREKA!—OUR PROFESSIONAL OUTFIT $6.50.

The Biggest Bargain yet. We have been trying to for past three years to get a Professional Outfit for six or seven dollars that would suit us in every respect, but until this season have been unable to do so. We now offer, as stated above, our **Special Professional Outfit** for only **$6.50,** and it is the most unparalleled offer ever made by any dealer in musical instruments.

Read This. A genuine Paganini model, imported and warranted, superior toned Violin; we have seen power compared to $20.00! a gold (lined) wood case, and a fine full size, genuine imported Brazilwood, *full ornamental, ebony* fing bow, positively no cheap imitation, all for **$6.50.** We guarantee satisfaction in this (as in all of our other goods) or money refunded. OUR SPECIAL PROFESSIONAL'S OUTFIT is the biggest bargain ever offered by any firm. The case and bow alone would be sold by some dealers for what we ask for the entire outfit. For 50 cents extra, we will send a complete Teacher for the Violin, with 60 pieces of choice music. **OUR 6½ BULL OUTFIT,** including *Bow and Box* **$3.00. OUR PRACTICE OUTFIT,** with *Bow and Box* **$1.75. Address MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 67 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.**

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES

THERE are but few absolute novelties to chronicle at present. Variations of accepted forms, and odd combinations of colors take the place of those radical changes which generally come only with the change of season. The coat bodice for dressy occasions, and the redingote for walking costumes, are still prominently popular. The Louis XV. coat-bodice is usually made of rich material, but in a color differing totally from the skirt; it may be elaborately embroidered with silk in dead colors, gold, silver, or richly-colored beads; or it may be left untrimmed, depending entirely on the richness of the material for its elegance.

In contrast to this is the severe simplicity of the Directoire redingote, which to many is a welcome rest after the puffings and gnagings which have predominated so much lately. A half-mourning toilette, made with one of these redingotes, is a lady-like model; the skirt is a mere pleating of black satin brocade moulded to the figure, and falling to the edge of the skirt without much fulness. It is open at the back nearly to the waist, and at the top of this opening are loops and long ends of wide black satin ribbon. On the hips are large square pockets embroidered with jet; the fronts are double-breasted, with a shawl-shaped collar, and cuffs embroidered like the pockets.

The walking dresses of cloth, plush and velvet are very simply made, and but little trimmed. Some are very much improved by tight-fitting jackets of some good contrasting material, but of the same color as the costume.

A seal brown cloth has one of these coats made of thick brocaded velvet, with gold buttons, and one of mouse grey cashmere has a jacket of the same color in plush, with large painted buttons.

Among some pretty walking costumes lately seen is one of dark slate-colored Indian cashmere, with the skirt of velvet in the same shade, and made perfectly plain; the cashmere tunic is untrimmed, short in front, and very simply draped at the back. The visite to correspond is of slate-grey Sicilienne, wadded and lined with blue satin, with a velvet collar and revers at the back, like wide braces, meeting in a point at the waist; below this point a fan pleating of velvet falls to the edge of the mantle, which is fastened in front with satin ribbon. To complete the costume is a black plush chapeau, with a long ostrich feather, and strings of black Spanish lace.

Visiting toilettes are often composed of satin, used for the skirt, with a tunic and bodice, or polonaise, of fine woolen material; in one of these dresses the front of the skirt is covered higher than the knees with narrow pleated flounces, all of brown satin; the polonaise, of woolen material, opens over this skirt, the fastening in front ending in a wide bow and ends of brown satin; the back is draped in a puff, and caught up on the left side with a bow of brown satin. A cravat of satin, tied on the chest, is slipped under the collar, and bows of brown satin are placed on the sleeves. All these bows have the ends fringed out two inches deep.

The new woolen goods for spring, which have recently appeared in the shops, show not only charming plain twills, or combination of colors, but will be well adapted for summer costumes and tasteful draping, from their lightness of texture, making them compete with the many varieties of cotton goods which during the last season encroached so much on the popularity of woolen goods. There are lovely woolen materials which will form the graceful clinging drapery now so popular.

Bayonnaise or camel's-hair barege, is one of these fabrics that has long been a favorite in black for ladies who dress in mourning; this is now shown in white, drab, French grey, pale blue, and other delicate shades, for making the entire dress on a silk foundation. Nuns' veiling and the fine French buntings, with many qualities of what is called woolmuslin, are shown again in all the colors used last year, and in some new tints—such as maize, grey, and olive.

Among the new colors a great deal of mignonette-color is revived—a grey-green tint that contrasts prettily with many shades, and porcelain blue. There is also olive, and a new vivid yellow resembling that of Marshal Niel roses, and a deep Vandyck red, rather deeper than the cardinal shades.

Among other woolen goods are the always-popular bieges, and camel's-hair materials, with the ground made up of stripes, the merest threads of olive, drab, reseda, or porcelain blue, alternating with cream white lines—and provided on one selvedge with a solid stripe for bordering in some rich shade that trims well. Pin-head checks sometimes take the place of the narrow stripes on the body of these goods. The cross stripes, called bayaderes, are shown both in quiet and gay colors for combining with plain goods. And it is evident that shaded figures, stripes, and plaids will prevail, and to graduate a single color through all its tones, from the darkest to the lightest, is a marked feature of new fabrics of all qualities of wool, and also of silk for trimmings.

Costumes are still made of two different patterns of the same material, and I notice, as an example, one of cashmere, one plain olive-green, and the other with the same ground checked with dark red. The skirt is made upon a foundation which it covers. At the bottom is a deep kilted flounce, and above that, in front, is a sort of short tunic headed by folds to form paniers. The flounce is of the checked, as are also the paniers, but the tunic is of plain cashmere. At the back the drapery is of check, and dividing that from the tunic in front are panels of the plain material buttoning down the entire length with red cord and buttons. The bodice is of plain material without trimming, save deep cuffs and sailor collar of the other. The hat for this is of olive green felt, with shaded red ostrich feathers. It is very large, turned up on one side, and lined with drawn satin to match in color.

Quite a new style is the Louis Philippe dress, which will please the admirers of the dress, so popular last season. It is a moderately short-waisted tight body, with a band and a short plain skirt, tightish in front and very full at the back, where it is gathered in to the band of the body. The skirt has a ruching or flounce at the edge, a wide sash is worn round the waist and tied at the side. The sleeves are quite tight, and reach to the wrists. A very deep collar is round the neck, and over this is worn another deep collar of white lace, whilst white lace cuffs to match are turned up from the wrists. This dress is made of rich brocade or silk, and the trimming of satin, as is also the sash.

Another style is the Dutch Burgher's wife's dress. This is composed of a rich brocaded short skirt, open in front, over a satin apron. At the edge of both is a frill or flounce of the same material. The body is high to the neck, with tight sleeves to the wrists, and a band round the waist; the skirt is fastened to this body, being placed in front, and very full at the back. At the back a white lace (of Dutch pattern) ficlu is worn, which forms a collar at the back, and bow and ends in front; or sometimes it is crossed over the bust, and pinned at the waist with a flower on one side, or a bow of ribbon to match one of the colors of the dress. This dress meets with much favor in very high circles, on account of its rich simplicity and quaintness.

Quite in opposition to this dress I may mention a dinner-dress I saw the other day composed of ivory satin, with a train almost five yards in length, and covered with ruchings and plaitings of lace, looking like ivory moss. Over this a dark ruby velvet bodice, cut low and square in the neck, and shoulder straps for sleeves, with gloves entirely covering the arms.

White dresses are becoming more and more fashionable for balls and receptions, whether made of rich heavy materials for married ladies, or of thin vapory fabrics for young ladies, to whom dancing is a pleasure; bows and sprays, and wreaths of flowers are the favorite ornaments for these, while the more costly dresses are trimmed with passementerie and beaded cords and tassels. The Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles admit of any amount of bows in their trimming, and a diaphanous toilette is always made prettier by being ornamented with sprays of flowers, but the proper choice of these flowers, with a view to where and by whom they are to be worn, constitutes in a great measure the success of the whole toilette. Without going quite to the length of saying, "White—nothing but white," one must acknowledge that white is becoming to most people, to brunettes and blondes alike; but as Fashion concurs to give us variety in color, we must take what she provides for us, and exercise our own good taste. Thus, pale blue should be worn by blondes and by brunettes with clear skins, for it has a tendency to darken the shadows. Pale pink and bright pink suit olive complexions and hair of an uncertain reddish brown tint. Light green is becoming, again, to blondes with softly-tinted skins, but it is ruinous to a too florid complexion, while very dark-skinned ladies have only three colors wherewith to console themselves, viz., straw, lemon, and the shades of nasturtium color; but whatever color, or type of flowers we select, these should be always in harmony with ourselves and our dress, for a just appreciation of our advantages, and a right knowledge of our defects, are equally necessary to the art of good and tasteful dressing.

When dresses are combined or trimmed with gold or silver brocade, the bottom of the skirt, instead of having a flounce at the bottom, has two thick cords at the edge, one of the brocade and one of the plainer material; and it is most likely, now that these cords have recommenced, that they will soon be put even on more ordinary dresses for street wear.

Some very elegant embroideries, which are now sold in stripe, are worked in silk or beads upon satin, and are very fashionable for trimming both petticoats and dresses, being used with good effect upon the dark woolen dresses.

Fireside Chat.

Of the many occupations with which spare time can be filled up, making a picture screen is one of the pleasantest, from the variety of the subjects, their endless combinations, and, above all, the almost certain gratification afforded the designer when the work is completed. During the last few years scrap screens have steadily grown in favor, one carefully made and well mounted being not only a work of art of a certain kind, but a valuable piece of furniture. They can be made of many shapes, and sizes, some being covered on one side, others on both, and, with the exercise of a little ingenuity, anything in the shape of a picture may be utilized. Many of our readers, wishing to commence a screen, were they only sure of successfully completing their undertaking, have written for directions, and, although the subject has been discussed in back numbers of the Post, a repetition may not be out of place. And, with a view of assisting them I will endeavor to show its entire construction, from its framework to its final coat of varnish.

There are many ways of making and covering and covering the frames, but it is only by getting a good foundation that a satisfactory result can be achieved. Screens may be of three, four, or five folds or panels, but one or three folds is the most satisfactory, although they may be made of five. The shape of the panels is a matter of taste, but they are usually made six feet in height and two feet in breadth.

A very pretty shape for a three-fold screen is with tops pointed in the shape of a Gothic arch, the centre panel being rather higher and broader than the sides. We will, however, suppose that it is divided to commence one of three folds with square ends. Three frames must be made by a carpenter, each six feet by two feet, of well-seasoned pine three inches wide and one inch thick, with a cross piece three-quarters of an inch thick to keep the frames stiff. There should be no difficulty in getting them made properly, as they are quite simple. Twelve and a half yards of fine white duck canvas or strong linen, about twenty seven inches wide, must next be procured and cut into six lengths, which are to be stretched tightly over each side of the frame. The best way of doing this, so as to avoid creases, is as follows:

With half-inch tacks fasten the length first, putting the tacks in pretty closely, and then, with the couple of inches of canvas to spare, it will be found comparatively easy to stretch it tightly. The ends must now be fastened, pulling them as tightly as possible, and the frames are ready for sizing. Great care is necessary for this simple operation. The object of sizing any surface is to fill up the pores and permeate the tissues of the substance with the size, making a surface that varnishes, etc., will not be able to penetrate. Any part, therefore, not protected will soak up the varnish or paint. Dissolve a pound of size in a pint of water, and brush it well into the canvas, putting plenty on, only do not press too hard. When dry give a couple of coats more, and the canvas will be as firm as a board when finished. To proceed with the ornamentation. The usual manner of doing this is by covering them completely with pictures and scraps, putting the pictures on very closely, and covering most of the edge with flowers, fruit, etc.—a plan that involves the use of a great quantity of scraps, but exceedingly effective when they are properly worked on.

Should it be decided to decorate in this style, the frames are ready, and will want no further preparation. By adopting the following plan, however, it will be found possible to introduce greater diversity of effect:

With some fine oil-paint, well ground, and with not too much oil in it, paint the panels any shades you may fancy; pea-green makes a nice ground, so does a fawn, while it is not possible to go wrong with black. One side fawn, and the other black, makes a handsome screen. When the color is decided on, the panels must be coated with it until the canvas is entirely hidden, and a smooth surface is obtained, each coat being thoroughly dry before another is laid on. If the laying on the coats of paint is too troublesome, it is easy to get this part of the work done; and the rest is plain sailing.

It must be premised that any one starting a screen will have already collected a sufficient quantity of suitable pictures and scraps to decorate it with; but we may mention those which will be most suitable. A few years ago it was difficult to obtain enough for the purpose; but, thanks to the art of chromo-printing, they are not only superior, but a great deal cheaper, and more easily obtained. The colored plates issued with the illustrated papers are excellently adapted for screen work, and flowers, large and small, are indispensable—in fact, the more flowers and ferns are employed, the lighter and the more graceful the screen will be. Thin Christmas and New Year's cards can be used for the purpose, with the pictures in children's books—circus, butterflies, and indeed almost any picture can be pressed into the service.

The pictures must now be got ready for mounting. A piece of hard wood, about a foot square, and a knife with a very sharp point, are now required for cutting out and preparing them. The cutting out process is not difficult, and it becomes a labor of love when the enhanced effect of a bird or a bouquet of flowers, neatly cut out and mounted, is seen.

In cutting out, it is better to sacrifice a little of the colored part than to leave any white edges; and the thinner the subject the more easily it is pasted on. When enough pictures to start with are cut out, some flour paste, not too thin, must be made, the centre panel laid on a table, so that each side of it can be got at, and the arrangement and pasting on of the scraps begun.

The frames are sometimes fastened together before they are ornamented; but the pinning on the pictures to judge of their effect is in this case very tiring and it is obviated by laying the panels down, as they can be arranged and altered as much as is liked before finally pasting them in their places; and any arrangement that looks well while it is lying flat, will look even better when standing up.

A few hints on arranging the subjects may now be given. I do not advocate the use of the borders that are bought as scraps—they are too stiff and formal; making one by working in small roses, ferns, lilies, has a decidedly pretty effect. Should there be a regular border it must be put on first, commencing at the top and working down. By starting in this manner the stock of each flower will be covered with the blossom or leaf of the following one, and even if they overlap a little, it will come right eventually. The next thing is to paste on the principal pictures. Such as may be adapted for centre pieces should not be cut out, but pasted on as they are, merely being trimmed to an oval shape, leaving a little space at each side. The best plan will be to finish the centres first, which will give an idea how to proceed with the work. The centre panel should have the largest and best picture; the two sides can be a little smaller.

Now, as tastefully as possible, the outer part of the picture must be covered with a wreath of flowers, placing lightest and smallest at the top, and increasing the size of the wreath near the bottom, no portion of the edge being discernible. After pasting any subject it must remain a few minutes before fixing; it will there adhere more closely, and fewer air bubbles will collect, though by gently rubbing and pressing these are easily expelled. Any other pictures that will look well in this manner can now be put on. They should be smaller than the centre one, and arranged as symmetrically as possible. The cut-out scraps can next be gracefully interspersed, and it is needless to say that on the taste shown in this depends, in a measure, the success of the screen, though, if the pictures are really pretty in themselves, failure is nearly impossible. Regard should always be paid to harmony of color and effect. A bird, for instance, might be hovering over a nest, a butterfly near a flower, a frog be placed among bullrushes, etc.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. O. S. (Hardin, Ky.)—We think not.

F. S. B. (Los Angeles, Cal.)—Earle & Co., Hazeltine & Co.

C. F. L.—As to the first we say yes, and to the last we think not.

H. H. (Houston, Tex.)—Certainly not, until a divorce has been obtained.

J. D. W. (Medfield, Miss.)—We do not remember receiving any MSS. from you.

JANET M. (Petersburg, Va.)—We should not think that there is any cause for alarm.

R. E. T. (Stone, A. s.)—Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It will cost you twelve dollars.

JAMES W. (Milwaukee, Wis.)—We do not believe in forcing Nature; age alone will bring them.

BIRDS. (Kansas City, Mo.)—One will not live alone; you must have couples; ordinary care is sufficient.

S. C. S. (Burleson, Md.)—Use oxalic acid to remove the ink marks. Be careful with it, as it is a violent poison.

LADYBIRD. (Worcester, Mass.)—The Dahlia is of Mexican origin, and is named after Dahl, a Swedish botanist, who introduced its cultivation into Europe.

E. W. (Seneca, N. Y.)—Yes: if you know the gentleman it would be right to send one in return, although there is no obligation in the case, nor must his be regarded as a hint.

C. C. (Huntingdon, Pa.)—We know of no authority in Philadelphia local matters equal to the "Sunday Dispatch," of this city. Write to them, and if the information is attainable, they will tell you.

J. E. B. (Henry, Ind.)—1. We never published a serial under the title you mention. You are certainly laboring under a mistake. 2. The parties are reliable. This is the first time we have ever heard from you.

EMMA G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Consult your mother; she is the proper person to advise you with regard to the step you meditate. If you undertake it without her knowledge and consent, you will never forgive yourself.

J. D. K. (Bradford, Pa.)—A nice present in an ordinary way would be a purse or a cigar-case, but it is difficult to decide. Consult the tastes of the person who is to receive the gift, and do your best to gratify them in the choice.

A. B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The cheapest and readiest way to prevent a cow from sucking its own milk is to put long nails through a strap buckled around her nose. To split the tongue of the animal would be a cruel and useless proceeding.

HERALDRY. (New York, N. Y.)—We translate the Latin mottoes in the order you give them:—"He seeks with the sword tranquil repose under liberty." "The end proves the career." "What is true in preference to what is agreeable."

MYSTIC. (St. Louis, Mo.)—The divining-rod is a branch of hazel forked at the end, which, held by an adept, by bending towards the earth of itself, is said to indicate the presence of a hidden spring of water, or treasure. There are many believers in it.

STUDENT. (New York, N. Y.)—Take of mutton suet, one pound; best white wax, four ounces; essence of bergamot and lemon, of each three drachms; oils of lavender and thyme, of each, one drachm. Mix the suet and wax over a gentle fire, and then add the perfumes.

C. S. W. (Ridgeley, Md.)—This correspondent desires some of our readers to solve the following problem: There is an acre of ground in the form of a circle. How long a rope would a horse have to be be tied with to graze exactly one-half an acre. The rope must be tied to the edge of the circle.

SUBSCRIBER. (New Bedford, Mass.)—There was a poem published in Memoriam of Abraham Lincoln, in which the line

"The ground was covered with apple blossoms as though a fragrant snow lay there,"

occurs. Do any of our readers know where it may be found?

HETTIE. (Screven, Ga.)—A young lady over twenty-one is at perfect liberty to marry whomsoever she pleases. In the case mentioned the gentleman seems only bent upon amusing himself at the young lady's expense. If his intentions were honorable and proper, he could not possibly object to being introduced to her relatives and friends; and she should be very cautious how she trusts her happiness in such a man's keeping.

W. N. (Rochester, N. Y.)—Endymion was a shepherd and noted astronomer on Mount Latmus. Mythology further tells us that he espoused Diana, one of the celestial divinities, by whom he had fifty children. Jupiter, for his misconduct, condemned him to eternal sleep. He was made to sleep in a valley upon which the moon often shed its gentle rays, and it is this which gave rise to the fable of the love of Diana, called also Luna, and Endymion.

MADGE. (New York, N. Y.)—You are deeply in love with a respectable, though poor young man, but your parents desire you to marry another youth who is rich and is devotedly attached to you. Under such circumstances what advice could you expect us to give further than that you are still young and have plenty of time to consider the matter? If at the end of the two or three years, when your lover thinks he will be able to support you, he shall have proved by his conduct that he is all you believe him to be, the chances are that your parents will then reconsider their objections to him and consent to your engagement.

E. J. (Wilmington, Del.)—"They went through the world like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus, with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain." This sentence was used by Macaulay in speaking of the Puritans. Talus, the person referred to was a fabulous creature. He is represented in mythology as a brazen man made by Vulcan for Minos King of Crete, to guard that island. Spenser, in the "Faery Queen," represents Talus as an attendant upon Artegal, who figures in the poem as the representative of justice. Talus, as Artegal's executive officer, continually runs round the island of Crete, administering warning and correction to offenders by knocking them down with an iron flail. He is represented as having an invulnerable frame, irresistible strength, and a passionate nature, which were supposed to typify the power which executes the decrees of justice and the mandates of magistrates. The policeman's truncheon is more like the flail of Talus than anything else which we have now-a-days.

R. C. (Utica, N. Y.)—The great wall of China was measured in many places by an American engineer, engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements gave the height at eighteen feet and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square, and twenty to forty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. He brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ. In building the immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For thirteen hundred miles the wall go over mountain and plain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure is solid masonry. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of one thousand feet. So far as the magnitude of this work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

J. WILLIE. (Newark, N. J.)—Your question is decidedly ingenuous. You wish to know how you could "cut out" another young man, and if the adage, "All is fair in love and war" is a just one. Suppose you reverse, and ask yourself, if you were paying attention to a young lady, and were so intimate that it was supposed by your friends that you were engaged, if it would be honorable in another man to interfere and win the young lady from you? If you think it would not be honorable for another man to treat you in that way, you must of course come to the conclusion that it would not be honorable for you to treat another man in that way. The adage "All is fair in love and war," of course has its limitations, and must be interpreted according to the conditions of the case. What Turks consider fair in war, sometimes fills enlightened nations with horror. What some generals and governments in Christendom have done in war has excited the indignation of mankind, and fixed an ineffaceable blot upon the memory of the perpetrators. The same is true with regard to the conduct of lovers. Some of them have behaved in a manner which sends a shudder through anyone who thinks of their conduct. Nothing is fair when is contrary to justice, conscience, and true manliness.